

VIOLETS

AND

OTHER POEMS

EMILIE L. BICKNELL

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AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

MRS. EMELINE L. BICKNELL



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EMILINE L. BICKNELL

TO MY FRIENDS,

WITH MEMORIES OF THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF INDIVIDUAL LIVES,
AND WITH THE INSPIRATION OF FAITH TO QUICKEN AND
BRIGHTEN THE HOPE OF A BLESSED FUTURE
LIFE, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS

DEDICATED.

E. L. B.

INTRODUCTION.

NO apology is needed for a new book. As well might one apologize for walking down Broadway. Some books are made for trade; some are made because they must be. Burns said, "To transcribe the various feelings—the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears—in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world . . . these were his motives for courting the muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward."

Poetry is an idea transfigured by sentiment. Its greatness may be measured by the equal greatness of these two elements. Its poetic quality may be measured by the degree in which transfiguration takes place. A mind full of thoughts must be so fired by feeling that the imagination sees the abstract ideas live in vivid pictures that flow in musical and moving words, metrical and artistic, passionate and inspiriting, "so marshaled and attuned as to excite or control the imagination and the emotions" of a hearer or reader.

These poems are the children of a mind compelled for years

"To listen, weep, watch by the door
That hides life's mysteries evermore."

As the nightingale, with breast pressed on the thorn,

she had to sing. An active mind and a full heart must find expression. Loneliness made the desire for expression stronger, till again and again the pent-up feelings burst forth in song. Again it was true

“ Fair Poesie’s wreaths from Parnassus’ height
Are worn in the groves of Asphodel.”

Often through the fleeting years the public has caught some notes of this singer’s song rising through shadows to that great height where she makes all

“On lifted Cross see human grief
Encrowned by faith with life and light.”

In later years the feeling has grown that gifts are not given to be buried in a napkin, and these verses must be given to the world in permanent form. The time has been dreaded

“ When words, the minstrel’s breaking heart
Hath linked with countless tears,
Are trembling cast upon the mart
Of strange swift-coming years.”

Faith has been quickened, hearts have been lightened, lives have been cheered by these “ Violets,” and we are assured the world will be brighter for their blooming in many a home garden.

REV. SAMUEL L. BEILER,
Vice Chancellor of the American University,
Washington, D. C.

VIOLETS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

VIOLETS.

WHAT beautiful violets grew in the meadows,
When bare little feet pressed the tender,
green grass !

When gathering flowers was a joy that o'erpaid us,
Though fearing the threats which the bees at us
cast !

Repeating our thoughts in innocent joy,
Regardless of sunbeams, or tan on the face ;
Ne'er counting the minutes—such charming em-
ploy
Was measured by flowers and a butterfly chase.

We questioned, and answered our questions as well ;
Then we wished, and forgot our wishing as soon ;
“ Say, did the flowers blossom or butterflies dwell
Any sweeter or gayer up in the moon ? ”

What matter, the question was not very deep,
It served us for prattle—the seed of a thought
Which mother revised—ere the years lay asleep
In the “long ago” time, with preciousness fraught.

The breath of violets, which grew in the meadows,
Has floated to me with the love of my mate,
In hours when the heat was curtained in shadows,
And the jewels of hope lay shattered by fate.

As something secure, that would ever be mine,
This memory—this picture so bright and complete,
Of hunting for violets in the fresh springtime,
Though the violets now bloom o'er my playmate
sweet.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

KNEELING at his frequent prayers,
And invoking all the saints
To preserve him from all snares
And to list his sad complaints,
A monk of old,
Conscious of his many sins,
Many thoughts from God apart,
Seeking for the faith that wins
Hope of heaven to contrite hearts,
And peace untold;

Reading of the temple's height,
 Of its length and breadth of stone,
And its golden altar bright,
 And whose marvelous glory shone
 On Solomon ;
Calling Israel's tribes to prayer,
 With confession of their guilt,
And their offerings, bringing there
 All the lambs, whose blood there spilt
 Might sins atone—

Sudden as electric shock
 Thrilled the pulses of the man ;
Though a hewer once of rock,
 He conceived a wondrous plan
 Of labor vast.
Dreamed he of the work at night,
 Prayed for blessings all the day ;
Sought the holy Church's light—
 Light to lead him in the way
 Of life at last.

Nourished by the brotherhood—
 Anxious something to have wrought,
Which by coming ages viewed
 Should be linked with them in thought,
 He planned the pile.

Stone by stone the crypt was laid,
And the lengthened arches rose ;
Weary time the arches staid,
Chis'ling gargoyles for the close
In richest style.

Hundreds labored day by day ;
Hundreds toiled on year by year,
Craving scarce of earthly pay,
Only that the service here
Their souls might save.
Sculpture rare and altars grand,
Aisles where fell the crimsoned light ;
Ceilings by groined arches spanned,
Echoing sound and holding sight
In raptured gaze.

Nameless maidens plied the steel
Till the marble shone in grace,
Giving up their youth with zeal,
Trusting that the block's fair face
Might win on high.
Patiently the walls were reared,
Tower, and dome, and spire sublime ;
White grew many a workman's beard,
Holding long the plummet line,
Then ceased—to die.

Time, nor war, nor chance have dared
 Humble yet that temple's pride—
Sacredly its beauty spared,
 Desolations far and wide—
 Yet stood alone.
Gorgeously it glitters still,
 World-wide is its lofty fame,
Grandly sweet its organ swell,
 Monument for that lost name,
 John, of Cologne.

PRAISE FOREVER.

METHOUGHT, as I gazed on the pallid brow
 Whence the light of life had fled,
On the closed, silent lip, and fast shut eye
 Of a sister, cold and dead—
She, who had gathered wild flowers by my side,
 And our love which naught could sever—
If I proved faithful, death's storm to outride,
 We would then praise God forever.

'Twill be a full theme and an endless song,
 Untiring and varied hymn,
To be tuned with harps by a white-robed throng—
 Redemption from death and sin.

There are other notes which I long to hear,
And to part again, O never !
But for them, and the love I bore them here,
We will then praise God forever.

EIGHTY-EIGHT.

“ The infirmities of age are wisely designed to sever the ties of earth. I am waiting on the bounds of a changeless clime, eighty-eight.”

THIS trembling frame of mine,
This brain of wavering light and shade,
The silent power of time
A wondrous change since youth has made.

The dreams of other skies—
The joys of childhood’s blessed years
The love which true hearts prize,
Now fill these furrows with my tears.

The grave has had the crown,
The jewel of my life and hope ;
The chill of fortune’s frown
I’ve felt, and seen her smiles light up.

The precious light of eyes
From children glancing long ago,
Their lisping sweet replies
Come still when day and pulse are low.

They come uncalled in hours
When pain has spent its withering force ;
Like dew on scorching flowers,
They soothe effect, nor reach the source.

'Tis life when all are gone,
And love when all beloved are fled ;
A lone leaf, ling'ring on
Above the fallen, brown and dead.

As watchers look for day,
Or sailors strain the eye for home,
As captives wait and pray,
So wait I, till my change shall come.

The above lines were published in the *Ladies' Repository*, and Mrs. E. C. Howarth, a contributor to the same magazine, but personally a stranger, also sent the following poem, which was published :

“A CROWN FOR THY SILVER HAIR.”

“O MINSTREL of eighty-eight,
Bard of the olden time,
Singing while thou dost wait
On the bounds of a changeless clime,
We list to thy harp's glad ring,
So tender, yet free from care,
And we ask, ‘ Will the angels bring
A crown for thy silver hair ? ’

“ Ah, little we thought that time
Had numbered these years for thee,
As we linked to the dancing rhyme
A bard that was young and free ;
And we twined for a smooth, white brow
A garland of roses fair ;
O, where shall we gather now
A crown for thy silver hair ?

“ There were eyes that were wont to fill
At sound of thy tender strain,
And hearts that were dreaming still
Through years of sorrow and pain ;
With thy spirit of gladness and truth,
And thy talents brilliant and rare,
Thou hast made the affections of youth
A crown for thy silver hair.

“ Then, minstrel of eighty-eight,
Bard of the thrilling rhyme,
Thou who hast conquered fate
With a faith and a trust sublime,
Lift up thy voice and sing,
And the gift of affection wear
Till the white-robed angels bring
A crown for thy silver hair.”

RECOGNIZED.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

A NEAR the beautiful river
That grandly rolls in the West,
Where arrows from sunset's quiver
Are gilding the waves' unrest,
Sang a bird whose notes were sadder
Than any the forest knew ;
Hidden, its bough on the alder,
It wilder, lonelier grew ;

Till tones from the Eastern ocean
Wakened the spirit within,
To exult in joyous emotion—
'Twas song-power echoing kin.
O whence came the gift of loving
The unseen spirit of thought ?
The quickened knowledge approving
A soul with sympathies fraught ?

That was felt when heart-vibrations
Had thrilled to one glad'ning strain :
It was owned when life desolations
Had burdened the sweet refrain.
As bird unto bird is singing,
One echoes back and admires—
Shall we, now these earth-harps ringing,
Respond upon golden lyres ?

Respond where no wail of sorrow
Will moisten the eye with tears ;
Nor death our jewels can borrow,
Nor life be measured by years ;
Where " crowns " for the tresses raven,
And those for the " silver hair,"
Will blaze with the gems of heaven,
And heighten the glory there ?

MEASURES.

OUT in the starlight, cold and lonely,
Tasking my mind with reaches of thought ;
Measuring one of the light-beams only—
Beam, which the hand of the Infinite wrought.

Racing with stars, my foot-pressed planet,
Motion and seasons, measures true ;
Elements, war, and tempests fan it,
Rolling its trackless ecliptic through.

Cycles that backward reach th' Eternal,
Press in the march outspeeding Time—
Mark on each page of Creation's journal
Characters luminous, and sublime.

Reading the scroll, the finite falters;
Solving the mysteries, lo! they increase:
Measure we mirage, or curve that alters
Disk of the sun, o'er polar seas? *

Counting the aid of wondrous learning,
Finding the uttermost hidden cause;
Mysteries baffle still, when turning
Inward to scan the mind's own laws.

Dim as the starlight, dim and solemn,
World of spirit to world of sense;
Never can man compute the column,
Measuring works of Omnipotence.

ELDORADO—1849.

ELDORADO, the New! its temple afar—
Loftily builded of cedar and quartz—
Was silent, till Time left the portals ajar,
Treasure revealing—the lure of all arts,
“Gold!”

“Fabulous wealth, for the taking was free—”
Noisily borne on the winds of the west—
Startling the echoes by forest and sea—
Rousing the world to the wildest of quest,
Gold.

* Dr. Kane's account of two suns.

Caravans march o'er the desolate plains—
Weariness, hunger, and death were defied—
Many a skeleton reckoned the gains,
Mockery fearful—life-purchased pride,
Gold.

White-headed age, with his tottering tread,
Eagerly joined the adventurers' ranks—
Manhood and youth by the phantom were led,
Argosy treasure—the prize without blanks,
Gold.

Hurried the farewells to children and wife,
Home-biding hearts suffered, ruthless and
sore—
Fathers and husbands engaged in the strife,
Strengthened one purpose, ever and more,
Gold.

Students were turned from their pages away,
Alchemy blazoned more wonderful gems—
Diamonds outlustered the green leaf of bay,
Classic romance, or the Ind's diadems,
Gold.

Dorado, the New! O Temple of dreams!
Shrining magician of marvelous power—
To fascinate man, bewilder with schemes,
Giving for peace, in mortality's hour,
Gold.

ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

“Henry I seized his brother Robert, conveyed him to England, and suffered him to languish in the castle of Cardiff twenty-eight years, where he died.”—*Old History.*

THE sun shone bright on the ivied wall
Of the castle strong and old—
A kingly mansion it seemed, so tall
And safe from intruder bold.

There a lonely man came in and out,
Nor beyond its bounds might pass,
And languidly paced those walks about,
With a brow by gloom o’ercast.

Proud and noble blood burned in his veins,
And a father’s heart he bore ;
A pris’ner who might to a crown have claims,
Might a freeman be no more.

On the midnight stars, in arch of blue,
He had gazed till it was pain ;
And the bird’s sweet song so well he knew,
It charmed not his heart again.

Nor the bright-hued flower, nor lowly one,
Could relieve from bitter thought ;
While the lettered page of past deeds done
But a shadowed lesson taught.

The old halls echoed his tread for years,
While for love and home he sighed ;
By a brother doomed to hopeless tears,
A captive, he pined and died.

SUSPENSE.

O COURIER from the battlefield,
Canst tell how fares the widow's son ?
Of all the wounds that go unhealed,
Her heart doth bear the sorest one ;
A doubt unsolved such yearning hath
To know the truth of life or death.

Upon a cliff by ocean's side,
A woman strained her eyes to hail
A fisher's bark upon the tide—
But night greets morn without a sail ;
The storm-stirred waves are rolling high,
The watcher weeps—a wreck is nigh !

A starving child, with eager face,
Through window bar is gazing out ;
Will food and love e'er find the place
That want and death have hunted out ?
Will life so chilled in wintry gloom
E'er greet a springtime's sun and bloom ?

The toiler in the mines of thought,
Tracing the veins where faintly gleam
Rare diamonds, long and hardly sought—
Spurning of weariness to dream—
Hath met suspense as guardsman steeled,
Till fame a gem-set crown revealed.

The prisoner thrust in stony cell
By tyrant's edict sealed in blood,
Where moldy walls and silence swell
The wretched hours, that so forebode
The horror of the trial time—
Defenseless life, and proofless crime.

Can innocence be fairly shown
To eyes that envy's glass hath changed?
Or will a kind word ever come
To heart that mourns o'er heart-estranged?
“How long?” the oppressed still cry; “how
long
Till love rule every heart and tongue?”

To know what pends, and yet not know
The full development of deed,
While hope and fear swift changes show,
As love and life for knowledge plead;
To listen, weep, watch by the door,
That hides life's mysteries evermore.

And mind alone endures suspense ;
'Tis thought that measures time and pain ;
The warmest heart and finest sense
Are sufferers with the clearest brain.
No stoic law or law of fate
Assures—yet patience whispers, " Wait."

MIRIAM.

ON a bank of the Nile stood a Hebrew maiden,
Watching an ark of rush,
With her mother's sad charge, young heart sorrow-
laden,
" Why did the tyrant crush ? "

How with fear, palpitation beat in her bosom,
Mocking the Hebrew faith !
For the baby hid 'mong the flags' purple blossoms,
Periled his softest breath.

In the earliest dawn lay the sluggish water
Under the mists' white fold,
When a princess and train, even Pharaoh's daughter,
Down by the river strolled.

Soon the Eastern Aurora was burning with blushes,
Tinging the breezy air ;
While the maiden was listening a cry in the rushes,
Listening in half-despair !

How she trembled ! the princess was seeking for
 pleasure,
 Bidding her maids to bring
From the flags the rush-nest, with its rare, living
 treasure,
 Bird of no cygnet wing.

By a smile of the babe, the king's law was broken !
 Weeping—and love was won
From the princess, whose mandate boldly was
 spoken,
 "Foundling shall be my son ! "

"Shall I bring thee a nurse of the Hebrew
 mothers ?"
 Questioned the watcher-maid ;
"Go ! " no joy can compare this errand for others,
 Summoning love's strong aid.

"Take this child and nurse him, as son of the Pha-
 raohs,
 Wages of gold be thine ;"
So the mother was blessed, and Hebrew faith rose
 Brightly through Levi's line.



HUMAN NEED.

O MOTHER, for thy cool, soft palm,
, To touch my fever-throbbing brow;
To hear thy gentle words, and calm,
Allaying fears that trouble now.
How endless seems the sleepless night!
How hard the unturned pillows are!
Earth's suffering thousands all unite
In this hour's plea, " My mother's care.".

Come, sister, sit beside my bed,
And moisten oft these parchéd lips,
And smooth the locks about my head,
And set the light in half-eclipse—
Then fan me gently till I sleep,
Nor let a noisome footstep fall—
My weakness needs a love to keep
Its follies from the gaze of all.

O, friend, bowed by adversity,
Or stung by false and cruel tongue,
Or wrongs like festering wounds to thee,
Or sickness, by which hearts are wrung,
Or hidden ills too deep for cure,
Or robbed of treasures love had won—
How yearns the spirit to secure
Some truth to lean its life upon!

Where find the Gilead balm, to soothe
The aching head or breaking heart?
Sore human need of love and truth,
As ministers of healing art.
In Gethsam's garden find relief,
And cup of strength from Olive's height,
On lifted Cross see human grief
Encrowned by faith with life and light.

THE GREEK'S FAREWELL.

MOTHER, away from my vineclad home,
Away from these hills where moonbeams sleep,
Where the cascades break in snowy foam,
I go—an exile, sadly to weep
For country enslaved by tyrant power—
This storied land, by the patriot's foe;
Thy love be my shield in this trial hour,
Thy prayers be my guerdon, where'er I go.

Father, the farewell in this hopeless hour,
Heeds a beckoning light to a Western land!
Though to wrest our country from the Ot'man's
power
Will exiles return as a Spartan band—
If ever the clarion trumpet shall sound
“To arms!” that cruel oppression may cease
In the patriot ranks will thy son be found,
To fight for home, and freedom for Greece.

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD.

A VISION—outspeeding the ecliptic orb,
In its slow-counted ages circling the sun—
Outmarching the earth to “the day of the Lord,”
When the measureless stars’ last cycles had run.

The vision swept back, on a wing as of fire,
O’er the ages groan-burdened with the deeds of
men,
So dumb when revealing the power of God’s ire,
That a live altar-coal was the prophecy’s pen.

Eternity closing Time’s record with seal,
The universe changing its order of law,
The elements new combinations reveal,
In vestments immortal men’s souls wait in awe.

They wait! trumpet-roused from the sleep of the
tomb,
While terrible thunders unceasingly roll,
The quaking of mountains and lightnings of doom,
And the rending “heavens depart as a scroll.”

They wait! as the legions of glory descend,
With the “Lamb that was slain,” in majesty
crowned—
The wicked to wail, in his presence condemned,
And the saints to rejoice in his righteousness
found.

ELLA.

I THINK I see thee, Ella dear,
To meet me, coming now,
Thine eyes of light, so deep and clear,
So beautiful thy brow ;
And hear thee say again, " I'm glad "—
Thine arms inclasp me round,
My face with sweetest kisses clad,
Like love, a shrine had found.

I hear thy step upon the stair,
For thee look at the door—
Thy voice, in humming some sweet air,
Comes to me, o'er and o'er.
I hear thee talk unto thy birds,
Or watch thee dress thy doll,
Or listen to thy artless words,
Which tell thy troubles all.

At twilight still I look for thee
To stand close by my side,
And hear thee sing in that sweet key
So late my poor heart's pride.
And then we kneel at evening prayer,
Thy head down close to mine.
" Good night " still floats upon the air,
But death's cold sleep is thine.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THERE'S a lofty fane on the English isle,
In wondrous grandeur, awe-inspiring—
There's the lore of Time in that massive pile,
And gloomy greatness, world-retiring.

And its vaulted domes have reechoed long
The proudest deeds of man's achieving—
With its guarded dead lie the lips of song,
And kings, no traitor's smile deceiving.

There are tones that fall from the solemn past,
On thought, the saddest changes ringing—
From the cloister tread, to the concourse vast
Of loyal hearts to sovereigns clinging.

There the crown has pressed on a fated head,
While bolder monarchs claimed the wearing—
There have wedded queens, in an hour unwed,
Gone forth, their fatal sorrow bearing.

With the worship paid in those dim, old aisles,
To ermined forms, and mystic story,
Was the prayer for peace, and princes' smiles
Which rose from the soldier's bed of glory.

There's the living pomp of man's display,
And marbled praise of good reposing;
There is flat'ry blazoned o'er decay—
Like music at a battle's closing.

'Tis a monument of the proudest name,
A nation's chronicles enshrining,
And the brightest star in its sky of fame
On England's noble queen is shining.

THE DYING YEAR.

PERISH! O dying year!
Pass on to the dim oblivious shore;
Take this, this bitter tear;
To those gathering waves take one drop more,
Old year, then farewell evermore.

Would that this *were* farewell
To the strife of love, and hope, and fear;
Words ever fail to tell
How they, with thee, have been battling here,
In this heart of mine, thou bygone year.

Dying! a sullen moan,
Heard in the dark hours, when childhood slept—
Heard then by me alone,
As over the death of Love I kept
A lonely vigil, and wildly wept.

Listen, ere thou art fled;
One whisper more in thy dull, cold ear;
Though slumbering with the dead,
Thou'l live, great witness, to appear
At Heaven's bar, of deeds done here.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THY busy thoughts call home, and shut them close

Within the heart, that thou may'st better scan
Thyself, and what thou doest. Why thou'rt here?
And what to celebrate? Why this day doth claim
Our veneration more than others?—

'Tis not alone that much our fathers sought
To do it honor, and as each passing year
Still brought it round, taught us its valued
History; told how that in years agone
Its light first shone on the embodied
Spirit of our Washington.

But 'tis the
Crowding memories of blessings, which kind
Heaven through him bestowed on us.

Where now
Had been our happy homes, had not his mind
Strong in wisdom, and with valor armed, ruled
'Mid the tempest of our country's woes? Yet,
 though

The mighty chieftain's deeds are written where
Time will never dim their glory, though
The broad land we tread upon, the liberty
Which is our Nation's pride and boast
Were by his arms obtained; yet not these alone,
Which send the warm blood swifter through the
Veins, enkindling deep and holy feeling

Into grateful praise—but the higher meed
To goodness, which immortal luster casts
On every act, a spotless life, to be
Fit model for his countrymen.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

“A CHRISTMAS gift,” a little thing,
And yet it seemeth more to me,
For such a little offering
Hath much to do with memory.
We cherish it with fondest care;
We look at it in after years;
We o'er it raise the silent prayer,
And bathe it oft with secret tears.

'Twill call to mind an absent one,
Whose present we may long have kept,
E'en when their earthly race is run,
And their frail forms in dust have slept;
Or bring again the friends who sought
In distant lands a brighter home,
And gave that gift as pledge of thought
For them, when brighter days should come.

Ah! visions dim and scenes all past,
Will crowd full thick upon the brain,
And gathering still, like raindrops fast.
We live each hour all o'er again.

No matter what the gift may be,
A costly gem, or lock of hair,
Still, with a faithful heart 'twill be
The object of as tender care.

AT THE GRAVE WEEPING.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there."—John xi, 31.

FULL many lonely walks are taken,
Full many solemn vigils kept ;
Stars have watched the bitter waking,
While the tearless eye hath slept.
Mourner, mourning by the grave-side,
Strengthened by the heart's full grief-tide.

How links of strange, undying fastness
Bindeth love to the clay below ;
The spirit, too, now in the vastness
Of the dim world where all must go.
Where the grass and frail flower bendeth,
Prayer, from woman bowed ascendeth.

And many yearning thoughts have striven
To win the dweller from the tomb ;
Earth may not join what death hath riven—
Naught brings the blasted rose its bloom.
Yet mortal eyes are red with weeping
For hopes which perished from their keeping.

Yet on those tears a rainbow lieth,
Each buried hope springs forth again—
The seed bears not unless it dieth,
The blossom or the goodly grain.
The resurrection, blessed token !
Christ, to a weeping world hath spoken.

THE WELSH BARD.

“ Edward I, King of England, sensible that nothing kept alive the idea of military valor and ancient glory so much as the traditional poetry of the people, ordered the Welsh bards to be put to death.”—*Hume*.

 YOUTH sat near his grandsire hoary,
A near the blazing fire at night,
And listened to the oft-told story,
How freemen braved a tyrant's might,

The Roman drove from hill and valley,
And Saxon followed armed with spears—
The Norman, in his long-oared galley,
Brought rigorous laws to fetter peers.

But like a wild beast, all defiant,
The Briton dared and foiled his foes—
In mountain fastness self-reliant,
His fortress, steepest cliff arose.

Full well he knew how to defend it :
His bugle notes rang shrill and clear—
E'en shades of heroes dead attended,*
Where deeds of prowess banished fear.

“ Stir thou the fire ! so stir thou valor,”
Came mandate from the lips of eld--
“ Sing ballads thou, when ashen pallor
Spreads o'er my brow—my voice is stilled.”

The fiery youth took up the story,
And sang it by the cave and stream,
Till battle-ax and martial glory
Were visions of his midnight dream.

Until, in wild, dithyrambic numbers,
He roused the pulses of alarm,
In strains sublime awoke the slumbers
Of shepherds, with the cry of “ Arm !”

Then echo, from the Snowdon mountain,
And from the cliffs that wall the sea,
Gave back the Briton—foot and mounting—
To fight for land and liberty.

* The bards taught that the spirits of dead heroes aided their warriors in battle.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

“Take this withered rose; keep it for me. It is an emblem of my heart’s history.”—*Mary Albro.*

AND like to a human heart art thou,
Frail, lone, and withered rose?
With its perished wealth of joyous youth,
And weight of untold woes.

Once, thou wert sweet in thy leafy home,
The fairest blossom there—
And hope was high for the days to come,
To find thee still as fair.

But a blight fell o’er the pride of bloom,
And warned thee of decay;
Thy petals withered—ah, me! too soon
Thy fragrance died away.

And thus, e’en thus, doth the heart’s frail joys
All wither day by day;
Its brightest visions fade from sight,
As shadows flee away.

There is much to blast, in our dark world,
The youthful spirit’s hope,
And once light fancy’s wing close furled,
It ne’er again will ope.

Yet when the soul, with its trials o’er,
Rises above the tomb,—
It may find perchance, on that bright shore,
A fadeless rose in bloom.

UNREAD.

IN every land
Where marbles stand
Are records graven deep,
Of parents' pride—
Of lover's bride—
Or weary age asleep.

Where sunbeams lie
On grass grown high—
Where autumn leaves are strewn—
Deep graves infold
Heart-wealth untold,
Unmarked by lettered stone.

Some lives have woe,
The world will know,
And read upon each face—
While others keep
Their sorrows deep,
Sealed records none may trace.

HENRY CLAY. (In 1848.)

AH, Statesman! with thy gray-crowned head,
A nation honoreth thee!
And long, loud cheers around are heard
From many brave hearts and free.

In praise of the deeds that thou hast done,
Wise deeds for our country's weal—

In honor, a favorite son,
For wrongs thou hast sought to heal.

But one who gazed on thy high brow,
Furrowed cheek, and thin, white hair—
Thought more of the deep griefs that bow
Human hearts than fame's bright care.

This lesson to the spirit taught,
In thine own history true—
That wealth of honor shieldeth not
Wealth of heart from death's cold dew.

For though the shout of praise is loud,
It moveth thee not to pride—
O, they of whom thou would'st be proud,
Too deeply thou feel'st, have died.

ROBBED.

[A fact referred to in the second stanza gave rise to this poem. A young German girl, who once worked for me, married a German, who in a fit of intoxication snatched from her arms their little babe, and escaped with the child. After several days he returned sobered, but not reformed. What has not the Recording Angel written of sorrow for such women ?]

ROBBED! a rich man robbed of gold!
How it echoes! that terrible wrong;
“Who was the robber with daring bold?”
Reechoes the world's giddy throng.

They will bind him fast, if found,
The knave who wrought so vile a deed.
Every place, the country round,
Has large-type notices to read,
Craving the aid of honest men
To catch the thief, and bind with chain.

Robbed ! a wail comes on the blast,
And comes from a woman in tears ;
But the crowds go sweeping past,
No trumpet proclaiming her fears.
The world, all laughing and gay,
Imagine 'tis little to heed,
Albeit her treasure is torn away,
And her lips are powerless to plead
For the living babe from bosom parted,
By fiendish hands, left broken-hearted !

Robbed ! of father, husband, home !
Children and wife dishonored weep ;
No thief of gold can safely roam ;
Shall a robber worse, in safety sleep ?
Robbed ! a widow robbed of son,
And a midnight, idiot guest instead.
Where was the crime so terrible done ?
Are the robbers hid, or is Justice dead ?
Robber and victim with crimes unshriven,
God will avenge at His bar in heaven !

POESIE.

ON Parnassus' height, in the tinted morn,
When folds of white mist enveloped its base—
Fair Poesie gathered her votaries born,
To feast on her wine, ere crowning with bays.

To each one that came, a goblet was filled,
To be quaffed in valleys that mortals tread—
For each was a new, fresh draught distilled,
And mingled in all was the life-drop red.

“Come again!” she said, “when the wine is gone,
With fadeless leaves shall your crowns be twined—
When the brow is cold, and the song is done,
Come again, to a crowning ne’er divined;

“For the bays are green when the marble is dust,
Renewed, as a right mortality claims,
By the dews that laden this dower of trust—
Come! to the grand coronation of names.”

Sadly the goblets are sipped in the vales;
So bitter and pungent the draught to taste;
Yet sweetly the songs swell forth on the gales,
Like spicy odors refreshing a waste.

A hush-note of peace, that closes the lids,
Humanity’s need in the battle with sin;
A melody, lingering like dreams unbid,
That deepens a holy purpose within.

The heart with an anguish too deep to relieve
 Responds to a note of grief like its own ;
The cry o'er the dregs of the draught may give
 Hope, like a voice to one lost and alone.

The goblet is drained when the pulse is low,
 The wormwood of sorrow chastens the song
To cadence the regal grandeur of woe—
 The soul is exalted, through suffering strong.

Fair Poesie's wreaths from Parnassus' height
 Are worn in the groves of Asphodel—
But Poesie's crowns on seraphim bright
 Grace the heavenly courts, where the blessed
 dwell.

SAVED.

FROM crater edge my unscaled eyes
 Gazed on a fiery gulf below ;
Appalling sight ! profound surprise,
 My former danger first to know !
That such fierce wrath was burning near
 The trembling ground on which I stood,
Whose crumbling brink increased my fear,
 Lest I fall in the molten flood.

Alone in danger, helpless, lost ;
My sorest need forced humble prayer—
Repentant tears, sin's bitter cost,
The anguish of a soul's despair.
The blessed Spirit quickened thought ;
Faith strengthened all my sinking powers ;
And turning, lo ! a hand unsought
Removed me to hope's blooming bowers.

There fear lay hushed in peaceful calm,
And light shone clear without, within ;
Pale olive grove and stately palm
Transfigured life in rest from sin.
The power that made the blind to see,
The Spirit moving on the will,
The hand once nailed upon the tree,
Engaged to save my soul from hell !

TO MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I READ of your "broken dream," *
Its raptures of love and beauty—
Of heart so saddened 'twould seem
Like sentinel lone, on duty.

* "Broken Dreams," by Mrs. Nealy.

But never a broken dream,
Nor dream of sweet fulfilling,
E'er shed o'er my life a gleam
Of pleasure, memory thrilling.

A hand, that was soft and white,
So trusting, and warm and tender,
Was burned in a sulph'ric light—
A blaze of sulph'ric splendor.

Endured was the fiery pain,
And process of wounds long healing—
With unsightly scars to remain
As hand of the dead—save feeling.

My life had a cherished hope
Which passed through a fierce ordeal,
Far, far beyond fancy's scope,
Intensely impressed the real.

And ever those vivid scenes
The painter's high art defying,
Are mine, in the hour for dreams,
The solace of dreams denying.

'Twill matter but little, when years
Are leafing the oaks above me,
That life gave the baptism of tears,
And death, the stern priest to love me.

Perchance, when ages have rolled
In bliss to my soul in heaven,
'Twill seem as a "dream that is told"—
This earth-life by sorrow shiven.

THE GRAVE AT SEA.

W~~H~~ERE waves have met the stormy sky,
Or dark with gulfs of awful death,
The creaking vessel wrecked well-nigh,
Like struggling life with wrathful death,
The traveler's eye could darkly see
A yawning grave within the sea.

And faith a prayerful pleading sent
For mercy, in that fearful hour,
And hardened hearts were humbly bent
To own th' Almighty's boundless power.
For terrible as thought could be
Was that which feared a grave at sea.

With answered prayers, a cloudless sky,
And gentle breeze to fill each sail,
The vessel on her course did fly—
On feast of hope the crew regale;
Yet on a mattress hard lay one
Whose low, weak pulse would soon be gone.

Sweet visions of his home had passed
In fever dreamings o'er his brain,
Like sunshine on the darkness cast,
Beguiling unwatched hours of pain.
Of lucid thoughts, but one had he—
An unwept grave within the sea.

O'er human souls with touching power
Will come a wish through life held dear,
And cherished till the dying hour—
A green-sod grave, and mem'ry's tear;
But few in all the world there be
Who wish a grave in thee, O sea!

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

MY father's birthday! I'd to Thee
Give thanks, my Father, God above,
That Thou hast spared his life to me,
And thus far blessed me with his love.

O, had I been an orphan lone,
As these last years went crashing by,
A stricken heart, without a home—
Surely I'd laid me down to die!

Thou, Lord, hast kept my father's child,
And Thou hast kept my father dear—
Sustained us 'mid some storms most wild,
And safely guided, year by year.

His frame is worn, his locks are gray,
Yet may long life to him be given—
O, grant to bless his closing day
With all the holy light of Heaven !

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

FLONDLY I love thee, mother,
My heart still clings to thee—
Earth never had another
Could be as thou to me.

O many an hour when the heart was sick,
And the pulses weary beating,
When life seemed naught but a shadowy wreck,
On the hours so silently fleeting,

Thy love flinched not—I was thy child—
No stronger tie could bind thee—
No scene so drear, or trial so wild,
But *mother's love* could find me.

THE GOLDEN HOURS.*

THERE are hours more precious than shining gold
And brighter than gems in a regal crown—
Sweet mem'ries the heart in its depths will hold,
And cherish, till life's latest sun goes down.

O, the happy hours, that as golden sands
Are gently falling in the glass of Time—
O, the evenings dear, when family bands
Are ringing their joys like a “Christmas chime !”

The new book with story and pictures fair—
The game of puzzles, or the problem long—
The circle broken at the evening prayer,
The cradled babe, and the trundle-bed song.

And the voice that charms, as it bids “Good night !”
With the mother's kiss as a seal of love ;
Her peaceful trust for the morning light
To waken the sleep of each household dove.

How blessed the homes, with the children blest !
Where the kindly deed, and noble aim,
With a zeal for truth, move each youthful breast—
And the golden hours meet the Maker's claim.

* *The Golden Hours*, a magazine.

HEROD'S DECREE.

THE beaming eyes of a beautiful child
Were the light of a Judean home—
The parents in joyful tenderness smiled
On this treasure—their pride to own.

Their offering paid, of a lamb and bird,
To the service of Temple old—
Where the blessings invoked were so deeply stirred
By a hope which the seer foretold.

Communings of thought on fancy's wing,
Carried their son to man's estate ;
To the time when Israel's promised King
Should appear in glorious state.

When the morn was breaking they bowed in prayer,
And blessing craved for the child asleep :
When the evening closed on a day of care,
Repose within that home was sweet.

“ El David, the Jew !” in the silent night
A voice called out from a soldier band.
“ Decree of the king, from Herod of might,
To take your babe—the hard command.”

O the kisses and clasp, the heart-rending prayer !
The struggle unequally fierce !
Such shriekings in death, as burdened the air,
The soul of that mother to pierce.

Ne'er lighted the sun such homes of despair,
As at morn lay shrouded in woe;
All Bethlehem's babes—all the lovely and fair,
By the murderous king laid low!

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

"A chief with his two wives embraced Christianity, and it was determined he should put away one of his wives. A morning was named when the missionary should meet with them to adjust the matter. One wife was an old woman without children; the other was a young squaw with her first child. Upon the minister's appearance the chief stated that he should keep his old wife and the boy, which the mother held as she was sitting on a green bank at a little distance from them. She was in great distress, repeating in the Indian tongue, 'Give me my child!' The missionary, finding the chief firm in his claim, proposed that they should draw lots. They drew, and the boy fell to the lot of the chief. The poor mother gave him up and went away, but so broken in spirit that she gradually wasted a few months and died."—*Old Paper.*

SHE was a heathen wife,
And her heathen lord had two;
Her babe was more than life
To her—this Christian strife
Was tearing heartstrings too.

Why not like Hagar go
With Ishmael in her arms?
Something to cheer her woe,
Some being's love to know,
Life's current to keep warm.

No one in all the world
Could tend it with such care,
Where mountain waters purled,
'Neath sunset banners furled—
She could have reared him there.

No wonder that she died—
Earth's every charm had fled,
Her nursling—all her pride—
The chief who claimed her bride,
Were worse to her than dead.

How pined she day by day,
To feel its soft breath come !
As on her arm it lay
Sleeping the hours away,
In their dark heathen home.

As well the heathen name
As such a deed of wrong,
It were a Christian's shame
To quench a life-fed flame,
A love which God made strong.



TO THE EVENING STAR.

O, THOU bright and solemn star !
Twinkling through unmeasured distance,
Tidings canst thou bring from far ?

Canst thou tell us of our missed ones ?
Those of spirit pure and lowly—
Hast thou seen where dwell the holy ?

Steadily thy light burns on,
Like some never-dying taper—
Lighteth it a mourner's home ?
Circled in thy shadowy vapor,
Doth there dwell cheer hearts, or lonely ?
Like to ours, and love as fondly ?

Art thou where the freed soul soars,
When life's earthly strife is over ?
Mounts it to thy undimmed shores,
Midst immortal bliss a rover ?
What art thou like ? Star, so shining !
On the brow of space reclining.

Vain these questionings have been,
Naught of answer may be given,
Flesh still clogs the mind's bold wing—
Knowledge from the thought is riven.
Yet when time and stars shall perish,
Wider thought the soul may cherish.

DOMINGO DE ROXAS.

“Who suffered death by the Inquisition, under Philip II, King of Spain.”

BY a gilded cross, and priestly robe,
A cowl, and iron heart,
Stood an earnest soul, who loved his God,
Called from that faith to part,

To renounce his hope of heavenly bliss
When mortal life was o'er—
To tyrant power yield a hope like this,
And die for evermore.

Alone he stood, while the Roman pen
Wrote death, for heresy,
By rack and fagot, the pomp of men,
And curses eternally.

With a solemn joy and peace possessed,
He met unmoved the martyr's doom—
For the Saviour's love that cheered his breast
Assured him of the martyr's crown.



GOLDEN HARP.

WHEN I play on my golden harp,
The chords will all perfect be,
This trembling hand, with heavenly art,
Shall sweep it with melody.
And this throbbing heart will be calm,
Nor frightened at millions near,
Sweetly singing praise to the Lamb,
With no quail of earthly fear.

May be that the notes of my lyre
Will ring with the loudest there—
Having passed tribulation's fire,
And 'scaped the chains of despair.
O, these wasting pulses thrill
At the thought of that harp, with joy—
The hope of immortal skill
To share the angels' employ.

OUR COUNTRY.

ITS valleys broad and rivers deep,
And mountains capped with snow—
Where Nature's golden treasures sleep
In veins of quartz below ;—
Where labor is the key to wealth—
Brave deeds, high honors win ;—
Where learning is the nation's health,
And ignorance is sin.

Here Freedom's sons proclaim the right
Of conscience, human creed—
True love to God and man, in light
Of universal need.

Here language leaps from voice to voice,
With thought's electric fire—
And all the people may rejoice—
The humblest may aspire.

We love this land with holy zeal—
Its liberty and laws,
We trust in God our future weal—
Our safety, with His cause.



ALICE CARY.

HARK! the snap of a silver chord,
A quivering harpstring broken—
Harp with sweetest of tone and word,
Of tenderest thought e'er spoken,
Catching notes from a viewless sphere,
Transmitting through a veiled partition,
Seraph strains to mortal ear,
Of higher life, and truer vision.

Poesy strung with a gentle finger,
The lyre, to themes of love and sorrow,
Myrtles flung over the graceful singer,
Whose numbers challenge Fame's to-morrow.
Sunbeams are bound in memory's quiver—
Through prisons of hope break happy glances—
Anthems that swell as grandest river,
And wild bird's varied, coy romances.

Humming of bees in clover meadows,
The minors soft in scale ascending—
Mornings of joy and evening shadows,
All graced her verse, like pencils blending.
Murmurs deep from the olden forest,
When swaying to the winds of winter,
Stirred the heart to song, when sorest,
Oppressed with pain—life's weary tenter.

Harp of sweetness! now sadly still,
The greenest bays shall wreath it over—
Hence, to gain immortal skill,
Angel bands have gently borne her;
In the heavenly city's splendor
Glorious themes, increasing ever,
Thrill her song, exalted, tender,
With praise to Christ, the Lord, forever!

SONG.

MORN, NOON, AND NIGHT.

MORN! when the east is red,
And the light of a day is pressing on,
With the life of earth reawakened, led
To festival and song.

Morn ! in the years begun—

The life of a smile, a sorrow and tear—
In pulses that beat unceasingly on
To measures of hope and fear.

Noon! when the yellow fire

Scorchingly falls on the harvester's cheek,
Golden grain, though the reapers tire,
And rest in the noontide seek.

Noon! when the world sheds smiles,

Exhaling the dew of youth's morning hours,
Luring on, o'er plains of measureless miles,
Which mirage the goals of power.

Noon ! when man's aims are high,
 When his shafts of thought strike the distant stars,
 When the truth-armed soul error's host defies—
 A victor with battle scars.

 Noon ! to the happy lives
 That bask in the summer of youthful bloom,
 Or laden with honey find golden hives—
 To them give the glowing noon !

 Noon ! in its dazzling light,
 None picture the clouds of a stormy day,
 Nor covet the chill of a moonless night,
 None ever for tempests pray.

 Night ! it comes too soon,
 In absence of all that is known of cheer,
 In frost to the flowers, in specters of gloom,
 Or shocks of sudden fear.

 Night ! in the vision gone,
 To the eyes that are closed to the joy of light,
 To the love that may never greet the dawn,
 To the heart that is dead give night.

 Night ! in the guise of death,
 When the careful couch is covered with sod—
 Morn ! in the Judge's awakening breath,
 Noon, in the City of God.

MUSIC

IF such lofty strains are given
To mortal voices here,
Then tell me how the songs of heaven
Will thrill th' immortal ear?

When words, the minstrel's breaking heart
Hath linked with countless tears,
And trembling cast them on the mart
Of the swift-coming years;

When these are sung to notes so deep,
They cast a living spell o'er life;
When music charms the babe to sleep,
Or fires the warrior's heart for strife;

When siren sweetness lures the leal
To depths but the lost angels know—
A gift that blesses human weal
Bewilders human woe—

O, dare we dream what rapturous height
Our ransomed souls will soar,
Where halleluiyahs voice delight
And angel bands adore!

BOUNTY.

GIVE mem'ry to the scattered bones
Which lie in soldier-graves—
Give kindly words and sunny homes
To children of our "braves."

Give honor to the thousand names
Which ring with battle deeds—
Give sympathy to woman's claims,
Whose every heartstring bleeds.

Give earnest prayer and timely aid
To those in "rank and file"—
Give cheer to hearthstones where have stayed
The soldier's wife and child.

Forget not men who in the war
Stood facing leaden balls;
Pay reverence to the seams of scar—
Throw open learning's halls.

Give ! till the heart is all aglow
And cast the bounty wide—
True patriots can gold bestow,
True patriots have died !

Give God the praise, who all things gave,
Our strength and love of right;
The land o'er which our banners wave,
In Freedom's blessed light.

BIRD ESCAPED.

FLOWN ! the birdie Ella loved !

Ah ! Birdie, didst thou know how dear,
How needful to my life thou'st proved—

Thou surely still would'st bless mine ear
With songs which only thou canst sing
To me—sweet strains to mem'ry bring.

Tears ! I have no tears for thee,

Far sorer loss has dried the fount,
But sweetness was thy meed to me.

Didst thou at last of bondage count ?
I was thy servant, Birdie mine,
And life in sheltered home was thine.

Flown ! like spirits earth hath chained,

That rise, when free, to brighter air—
Those natures that are never tamed

To love restraint from iron bar.
Ah ! Birdie, thou and I were kin
In life without, and life within.



MARGARET.

"The youngest daughter of Maximilian II entered a convent while young, and remained fifty-seven years, when she died."—*History*.

PRINCESS of a haughty line,
Why this strange caprice of thine,
Margaret?

Fairer than queens are wont to be,
Young, and panting to be free—
These forget?

Happy in thy lofty pride,
To be wooed and won a bride
By one heart;

Hopeless, from thy noble birth
E'er to wed for honest worth—
Then depart.

Closing light from cloister doors—
Off'ring prayers from stony floors—
Counting beads;
Shedding tears, through years of pain,
Doing penance, praise to gain
For good deeds.

Paler than the palest nun,
Colder than the dead become,
Thou wilt grow;
Toiling at the 'broider frame,
Lisping oft the holy name,
In thy woe.

Dreaming of the courtly glare
Of some knight with golden hair,
Thou hast known ;
Waking in a wretched room,
Full of sad hearts, and of gloom,
To bemoan.

Pictures rare, of what thou'st seen,
Painting all the hours between
Holy prayer ;
Painting banks, with crystal streams,
Chamois leaps, and rainbow gleams,
Through the air.

Tracing on the canvas ground,
Till thy very soul is bound
In a spell ;
Seeking something pure and high—
Pining to be loved, or die,
Each as well.

Princess of a haughty line,
We have wept this fate of thine,
Margaret ;
Mourned the darkness of an age
Leading minds from God's true page,
Desolate.

COSTLY ARRAY.

EVER some trace of lost Eden lingers,
Shading the queenliest diadems—
Touching the delicate, tapering fingers,
Banded, and gleaming with costliest gems.

Slaves* that have toiled with scant food and raiment,
Seeking the jewel of royalest fee—
Deeming the finding a rare, overpayment,
Mystical, coveted boon—to be free !

Weaver of robes 'mid pale, hungry faces,
Artfully vying the flowers on the plain,
Fringes of gold, and gossamer laces,
Inwrought with life, and patience and pain.

All for adorning ! all to bring hither
Off'rings at shrines of beauty and pride—
Scarcely, the stars that burn in the ether
Rival the brilliant-lit halls of a bride.

Hearken ! the voice of a messenger holy,
Whispers monition in unwilling ear—
Death will soon gather the high and the lowly—
Queen, and the beggar, princess and peer.

* Brazilian slaves were promised their freedom upon finding a diamond of certain value.—*Old Geography*.

Time will soon dim the brightest of treasure,
Love's golden idols crumble to dust!—
These are of earth: eternity's measure
Holds imperishable vesture in trust.

Gloriously wrought, the robes of salvation,
Waiting the saints, in the mansions above,
Stars in the crowns of life's exaltation—
Purchase and gift of a Saviour's love.

INSECT MUSIC.

Who has not listened to these musicians, just as the darkness comes on, in a midsummer night?

HUMMING cheerily,
Welcoming night,
Whirring merrily—
Listed aright.

Notes low and steady,
Rapid and sharp;
Each one already
Tuning his harp.

All improvising
Songs for the hour—
All harmonizing
Melody, power.

Warlike and martial,
 Stately and grand—
Tenderly partial,
 Gauzy-winged band.

Miniature cornet,
 Trombone and flute,
Instruments ornate,
 Never one mute.

They are bold fairies,
 Thankful and true,
Ringing out arias
 Over their dew.

Starlight has burnished
 Tiny drop bright,
Rose-leaves have furnished
 Goblets to-night.

Sipping and singing
 All of the time—
Praises thus ringing
 To Maker divine.



ALARIC, THE GOTHIC KING.

"Was buried in the bed of a large river turned aside for the purpose ; afterward the river was returned to its channel, and they who buried him were slain."—*History*.

WHY dig so deep to hide his clay?
What mind directed this?
He, who had flung man's life away,
With the wind's recklessness.

Could he not rest in common graves?
Could evil deeds make groans
That would reveal those secret caves,
And bring to light his bones?

Why hide the monument above,—
The mock'ry o'er his tomb?
There never came an eye of love,
To weep, or wail his doom.

Flow on, O river ! and thy dead
In sacred trust still keep;
For hate and bitterness are fled,
With nations long asleep.



FALLEN IN ISRAEL.

Bishop Thomson, Bishop Clark, Bishop Kingsley, and Dr. J. Mc-Clintock, of Drew Theological Seminary.

HOW rageth the battle?
Have the legions of sin,

The foes without, and traitors within,
Given over the contest, or stand they grim,
Awed, and dismayed, while Israel's King
Leadeth in battle?

Ah! Israel's mourning!
The mighty are sleeping;

Heavy the sorrow where all are weeping;
Princes cut down while to victory leading;
Vain are the chaplets of honor, in keeping
For brows unreturning.

All Israel smitten
With grief as a mother,

The services solemn crowding each other,
The priest at the altar misseth a brother,
The scribe that expounded leaveth another
The scroll he hath written.

Did Elijah perish
At the Jordan river?

Flame-chariot and horsemen came to deliver,
While blessing that fell from the lips' last quiver,
His mantle, his spirit in double measure,
Were Elisha's to cherish.

The King was calling!
His chariots and horsemen
Hasted for *these* in the brunt of the conflict;
These, with the standards leading the onset,
Israel's loss, but the warrior's conquest—
Count them not fallen.

Exalted beyond
All the stars of even,
Mourning is meet for the hearts left riven,
Tears for the ocean-crossed "farewells" given,
These have but entered the glory of Heaven;
Not fallen—but crowned!

MARY.

I TURN to you with yearnings deep,
For tenderness to cheer my lot—
Think kindly—while alone I weep,
My heart cries out, "Forget me not."

As waves break on the sandy shore,
Unchecked by cliff or verdant hill—
As winds breathe sighs for evermore,
So tears and sighs the moments fill.

I dream of those whose love was mine,
Now in the golden courts of peace—
But last year's vintage, nor the wine
May ever cheer a guestless feast.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

NOT those alone who stood in wonder
Gazing at their Lord ascending,
Astonished at the countless number
Of angel bands the King attending
In glorious pageant, His sufferings o'er—
Not they alone commissions bore.

For "all the world and every creature,"
With tidings of redemption paid—
The promised presence with the preacher,
His messages of truth to aid—
The love of souls his zeal to fire,
And love of Christ to faith inspire.

The power which, with a dazzling brightness
Struck blind the sinner on his way,
And made to own in his contriteness
The will his life should hence obey--
Commissioned him, when sorely tried,
To preach of Jesus crucified.

The fisherman hath left the sea,
The youth hath girded armor on,
With single aim, and earnest plea,
To lead the wretched and undone
Unto the streams of healing grace,
And all the stains of sin efface.

The lands by savage tribes o'errun
With horrid rites and bloody hands,
Have been to peaceful Gospel won ;
Have echoed the "good will" to man,
As there the heralds of the Cross
Proclaim salvation to the lost.

In languages so harsh and rude,
With not a trace of thought defined,
The searching Spirit power endued,
And wrought an entrance to the mind ;
The heathen mind in darkness long,
Wakened to sing Truth's matin song.

The tenderest home-ties sever still,
As one takes up his life to go,
Unburdened by a fear of ill,
To meekly "by all waters sow"
The seed, which bearing righteousness,
The Master's reck'ning day shall bless.

And with the lab'ilers in the field,
With sheaf well filled, and garnered soon,
Whose patient hope may never yield,
E'en though the sweet life close at noon—
Is woman's faith, that "Christ doth save,"
The paean of triumph o'er the grave.

Until the heavens shall pass away,
The earth consume with fervid heat,
The Judge announce the final day,
And worlds assemble at his feet,
Then will the great commission cease—
The risen Lord reign Prince of Peace.

RECOGNITION.

THE light which shone in her dark eye,
While with me here below,
Will surely beam as bright on high,—
I shall its glances know.

Shall know the brow so purely white,
With soft, black tresses bound ;
The lips, whose smiles were life's delight,
The voice's low, sweet sound.

The robing in an angel dress,
Will but recall the grace
That floated round her earthliness
In gentle, quiet ways.

I never had the slightest doubt
But I should know *her* there,
But O, will she e'er find *me* out,
With all the change I'll bear?

'TWERE SWEET TO DIE.

3 **T**WERE sweet to die, ere the shadows of grief
Have traced their dark lines on the beauteous
brow,

Or the care-laden soul had pined for relief
From the wearying toil that weighs on it now.

' Twere sweet to die, when thoughts of the heart
Are pure as the odor of spring's first flowers—

' Twere better then—ah ! far better to part
With the bright, fading scenes of this world of
ours.

' Twere sweet to die, when the leaves are all green,
When each bird is trilling its happiest song,
To go, ere those leaves all withered are seen,
And recklessly borne by the tempest along.

' Twere sweet to die, when friends loving are near,
To soothe, and to comfort—and catch the low tone,
Of a "farewell," that last might fall on their ear,
Till they meet ne'er to part, around His bright
throne.

' Twere sweet to die, with a sure hope of Heaven,
Inspiring the spirit with faith and with love,
To mount to the home the Saviour hath given,
And sing with the choir of the blest ones above.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

"NOTHING melancholy" write,
For the gay and free—
Only of the shining light,
Blessing earth and sea;
Only of the dancing wave,
Or the winds so low,—
Or how water lilies lave
When the breezes blow;
Of the humming of the bees,
Or the songs of birds,—
Of the fruits, and flowers, and trees,
Summer's rich awards,
Or of witching beauty's grace,
Young and happy too,
Glances from a Peri's face,
Loving well and true.
Golden hopes and castles tall,
And the laurel, fame,
Praise from merry lips to fall
On an honored name.
Like when flashing steel is wrought,
Ring the words of cheer—
Let no "melancholy thought"
Cast a shadow here.

“ VINA.”

OFT I think of cheerful “ Vina,”
“ Vina,” of the shadowy past,
When our paths lay luring onward
In the sweet light hope had cast.

And that blest light made more fully
Black the clouds that lay beyond—
Clouds that broke on me and Vina,
With a crashing, stunning sound.

And the rain in salty showers
From our aching hearts was wrung,
For we found amid the flowers
We had been by serpents stung.

Then it was despairing Vina
Her life would fain have flung away ;
Then her melancholy pining
Loosed the spirit’s bands of clay.

But for me a bitter battling,
Still with fate a wasting strife—
I’m waiting till the white-winged angel
Bear me to the better life.

GYVES.

CENTURIES, kingdoms, and races,
By sin's universal entralling,
Mental and moral, bear traces
Attesting manacles galling.

Laws in their power penal guarded
Have wrought the fetters for ages ;
Judges in ermine rewarded
The felon sinning for wages.

Monarchical crowns and succession
Owe being to fetters and dungeon ;
Arrogance joining oppression
The freedom of millions have undone.

Pagan, with faith suicidal,
By torture the service sealing,
Worshiping Krishnu's dark idol,
The fetters of fiends revealing.

Ghostly, fanatical terrors
Hold captive ignorance trembling ;
Legends, traditions, and errors
Bind souls through crafty dissembling.

Fetters of gold and position,
And homage to titles--not merit ;
Custom and social distinction,
With pride that children inherit.

Youth, in wild gladness and beauty,
 Adventuring on fancy's pinions,
Regardless of snares as of duty,
 A prisoner in Pleasure's dominions.

Death welds the last human fetter—
 His victims lay bound in prison—
Robber of life, and abettor,
 To close mortality's vision.

Jesus! Death's conqueror, risen
 Hath broken the captive's portal;
Ransomed and free in Elysium,
 Delivered from gyves of mortal.

ON THE PLAINS.

“We passed the skeleton of a man on the roadside, a victim, we suppose, of Indian atrocity.”—*Overland to California in 1855.*

WHO was he? When did he perish?
 Overland to the mines—
What alluring hopes did cherish,
 Or what brilliant designs?

Was he orphaned, seeking fortune
 With a youth's daring will?
Outcast by sin or misfortune—
 Reckless or hopeless still?

Was the hunter's art his pleasure?
 Wild adventure did crave?
Sought his life such dark erasure?
 Neither name nor a grave?

Had he wife, or sister, brother,
Waiting to share his gains?
Or a child, or widowed mother,
This dead man on the plains?

Had he a friend to share his peril?
Fell he by savage hand?
O, so grim! dead without burial—
Not a trench in the sand.

Here with naught but faded grasses
Shrouding his frame in death—
Skeleton! dumbness and ashes
Check the questioning breath.

But thou, Omnipotent Father,
Who first quickened man's dust,
Wilt raise soul and body together—
Both the wicked and just!

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

WHAT love! in the payment redeeming
Guilty man from the bondage of sin—
As a light in the prison cell gleaming
Is the joy of man's pardon within.

Love renewing, and cleansing, and keeping
Every soul that believes in His name—
Though rejoicing, or watching, or weeping
All our sorrows His sympathy claim.

As a wave circling outward repeating
All the measureless tidal's surcease—
So each conflict and triumph completing
Bears the soul to an ocean of peace.

Love inspiring a choral of voices
To proclaim our salvation in song,
Till the heart of the mourner rejoices
And the faith of the tempted grows strong.

Till the rapture is uttered in whisper
By the dying escaping from death,
By the ransomed at portals of jasper,
By the power of a glorified faith.

O, ecstatic ! the joy of the singers
In the heavenly courts above,
Where the love of Christ unto sinners
Swells eternity's anthem of Love !

MOTHERHOOD.

A LL the night hours winds were raving
And the yew trees moaned and wept,
Wave and cliff a battle braving
Where the last year's sea-bird slept ;
Every cottage window shaking,
Dark without and wail within,
But with morning splendors waking
Life and Time anew begin.

All the mad winds cease their roaring

And the yew trees smile in green;

Wave and cliff, and sea-bird soaring

Catch the red light's early gleam.

Cottage windows cease to rattle;

Day without and joy within—

Over is a fiercer battle,

Life and Time anew begin.

Priceless gem in casket keeping,

Guarded with a love untold—

Spark of life immortal sleeping

Mother-arms in fondness hold.

This new bond absorbs all other

Fancy paints to Hope's desire,

While ideals of the mother

Shape the years as pliant wire.

Not a sin nor pain nor sorrow

Reckoned in her dream's content—

Wiser thoughts will come to-morrow

When these rainbow hues are spent.

This new bond to last forever—

Every change of years to meet;

Time nor death the love can sever

Pulsing with immortal beat.

Needing e'er divine assistance

Aiding mother-grace and care—

For this helpless, new existence,

Weal or woe, two worlds must share.

TRUST.

I WEPT o'er the bitterest woe in life,
A treacherous peace and a hidden strife.
While brows of the loved were covered in dust,
O, what might a grief-laden spirit trust ?

I looked at the opening gates of day
As the monarch of light dazed the eastern way ;
Unclouded the morn, but a stormy noon
Brought a sunless eve and a mantled moon.

I stood in the glow of the summer's heat,
In the perfumed air of her rosy mart,
With her singing birds, but the bliss of song
And the year's proud queen to the past belong.

I felt the chill of a dying one's breath
As the frost stole down my woodland path,
Heard the wind attuning his dirgeful pines,
And the brown leaves dropping from tree and vines.

All of brightness and sweetness fled ;
No legacied heritage mourned the dead ;
All trophies of pride and deeds of the just
Corroded in temples of earthly trust.

Evanescing all ! yet there shone a gleam
Of promise that brightened the darkened scene—
O, comforting words ! attested and sure,
“ Who trusteth in Christ abideth secure.”

SICK ROOM.

MY sick sister's room,
Place of care and gloom,
Scene of prayers and tears
And of hopes and fears,
Of love's kindest acts,
And death's sternest facts :
They are there—all there.

On a fever bed
She layeth her head,
And her cheek is pale,
While her form so frail
Is wasting away
To its mother clay.

It is so—all so.

We all gather near
To the one so dear ;
But she knoweth not
The deep, anxious thought
That filleth each soul
And with weight doth roll :
We may part—all part.

We feel she will die,
And each tearful eye
Leaveth her, to weep
That we may not keep
Her pure spirit here
For many a year,

Till we die—*all die.*

JOSEPHINE.

A YOUNG girl wandered by the sea,
By ocean drift and sounding shell,
With fancy like the zephyr's, free,
To seek the witch who did foretell,
In gravest tone, “A future queen,
Thou wild and dark-eyed Josephine.”

Upon the strand a snowy sail
Was moored by foreign chieftain fair,
Who, fanned by India's fragrant gale
And charmed by beauty blooming there,
With orange flowers and myrtle green
Enwreathed his bride, young Josephine.

Where moonbeams lay on fields of vine,
Where peasants sang their labors o'er,
Who crushed the grape for reddest wine
Or filled with grain the threshing-floor ;
Where gory battle-plains were seen,
Was then the home of Josephine.

Two childish lispers answered well
To wake a mother's fondest prayer,
The joy of blessed hours to swell,
Ere came the wildness of despair,
And sorrows pierced like arrows keen
The soul of widowed Josephine.

A brilliant pageant, proud and great,
An army grand in show and gold,
A royal rite did celebrate,
United names by fame enrolled ;
For Bonaparte had chosen queen
The bright and peerless Josephine.

Each power was on that altar thrown,
While love kept still each pleading care.
The courtly splendors of a throne,
The regal diamonds flashing there,
Were glitter to a royal scene
Whose central star was Josephine.

The thunder rolled with fire along
The path of glory's reddened way,
The music of a conqueror's song,
While nations trembled at his sway.
Ambition claimed another queen,
And broke the heart of Josephine.

ELLSWORTH AND LYON.

A MARTYR and a hero fell,
Yet heroes both and martyrs too ;
With grief a million hearts now swell,
While tears those names will e'er bedew.

The first to die, so young and true,
Will live in history evermore,
Will live when coming ages view
That banner wave from shore to shore.

'Mid flashing sulphur and the din
Of cannon, fire, and shot and shell,
With brave men fighting but to win
Their country's right—the bravest fell.

The nation's altar drank his blood,
An offering too freely given,
Brave Lyon died to gain a good,
The first on earth and next to heaven.

SONNET.

FAREWELL ! forever be thou free,
O, angel of the house to me—
My brightest hopes have proved so vain,
I leave thee now to *save* thee pain.
Thou wast in all my fondest dreams,
In every deed of earthly schemes.

The finest cords of life still cling
To thee; but shadows fling
Around my path so dark a shade,
That love my bitterness is made.
I will not that thy feet should tread
My thorny way, my fortunes wed.
Farewell, may light about thee shine!
Farewell! I will not call thee mine.

DEADLY STRIFE.

A FEARFUL specter by my side
Stands with a wizard glass;
I see the blood of those who died
Where'er my eyes are cast.

Blood that quenches the fires of home,
That fattens thirsty soil—
Reddens the doors where widows moan
And dizzens heads of toil.

Blood from bravest and truest veins,
From blooming manhood's life—
Gash and line by the slaver's chains,
The fiendish seal of strife.

Blood that 'wilders the maiden's dream,
To waken and weep her woe—
Blood which gushes in burning stream—
O, tell! will it always flow?

Staining our altars, burd'ning prayers
With pleas to be forgiven,—
This truth the wizard's glass still wears,—
Man's blood will cry to Heaven.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the home of my girlhood !
Farewell to the bright-winged hours
So laden with joy and loveliness,
Like bees going home from flowers !
As I list, some low-sighing zephyr
Comes tremblingly to mine ears,
And tells of some child-worshiped pleasure
Which faded and died in tears.

And that loving-toned bird is singing
The same song I used to hear
When 'neath my chosen elm sitting,
With friends to me most dear.
With thee, too, gay bird, I'm parting,
With the friends and tree of yore ;
And, alas ! this thought comes o'er me,
I'll never hear or see them more.

Old home! O, to none art thou dearer
Than the wild one leaving now,
Each place some scene sacred rendering
Of a wish, hope, tear, or a vow.
How oft in this lone, silent chamber
Have I knelt with an aching heart
As I strove *all* my thoughts to surrender
To that God who scorneth a *part*.

And then, ah! our family circle
Broken will be when I'm gone ;
And, severed and severing ever,
How long ere each be alone !
Father and mother I'm leaving,
Sisters, and sister so dear :
They may soon o'er my dust be grieving—
Soon shed o'er my grave a tear.

But away with these thoughts so sad'ning !
Here's beaming a ray of love,
That has led me on to the sundering
And wooed me its truth to prove ;
So now out on the wide world launching
The freight of my trusting heart—
O, Saviour, guide to that bright haven
Where the good and true ne'er part.

THE "HOUSE FOR SORROW."

"But of all Montezuma's buildings the most remarkable was his house for sorrow, to which he retired on the death of a favorite relation or in case of any public calamity. The walls, roofs, and ornaments were black."—*History*.

A HOUSE for sorrow ! Craved retreat
By many stricken hearts of earth—
Some lonely place to wail and weep
Unseen by mocking eyes of mirth.
An instinct true in human woe,
The luxury of unchecked tears,
To let the full cup overflow
And lessen pain, relieving fears.

The Aztec king knew well the need
Of silence to a grief-stirred mind,
Of quiet to the veins that bleed,
Till patient hope the wounds could bind.
Not so with us ; the smile above
The breaking heart is often seen ;
The shrinking of the wounded dove
No covert finds of sheltering green.

And if the tomb has claimed our joy
Or sin swept every hope away ;
If anguish does our peace destroy,
The cheerful look must hold its sway ;
And only to our Father's ear,
With fearless trust, our plaints are given,
Whose grace will soothe our sorrows here
And guide us to a tearless heaven.

THE MISSION IN TURKEY.

WHERE the Moslem's spires are shining,
Where the turbaned Turk hath prayer,
And the joyless slave is pining
For the wild bird's range of air ;
Where the Black Sea's waves are floating
Sails from Christian hope-blessed lands,
And the Jewish merchant's gloating
O'er his shawls and diamond bands,
And the foreign soldier's treading
With his proudest step and look,
And the sickened beggar's threading
Crowded lane and lonely nook ;
Where the bannered sunset's lying
In its richest, blazoned bed,
And the hot south winds are dying
'Mid the fragrance they have shed ;
Somewhere in that twilight beauty,
Somewhere in that Koran land,
Strongly beats the pulse of duty,
Mission heart and mission hand ;
And the love of souls is straining
Every power of mind and frame,
Even to the lifeblood draining,
But to spread the Saviour's name.

For the deepest shades of error
 Millions mantle as the night—
Allah, on a throne of terror,
 Guards Mohammed's creed of blight.
And this Christian band are sowing
 Precious seed with many tears,
Gospel truths on Turk bestowing
 With the zeal of youthful years.
Lonely in their labor holy,
 Daily chastened, sadly tried,
Much they need the grace that solely,
 Meekly trusts the Crucified.
Remember climes of Eastern story,
 Christians, when ye bow in prayer.
May these toilers crowned in glory
 Many stars of winning wear!

THAT GENTLE NAME.

ELLA, that gentle name,
 And the deepest wave of the heart is stirred.
And the charm of life is to me that word,
 All in the world I claim.

 Over me, cypress gloom,
And yet treading on through a marsh most wild,
And with faltering step when thy voice, my child,
 Came like the light of noon,

Cheering a spirit lone
With a hope that life had a boon for me,
That beyond the thorns and morass would be
 Fires of a cheerful home.

Weary and lonely now,
While dull and chill waters cover my way,
O loved one ! thy smile like a sunlit ray
 Blesses my throbbing brow.

Ella, that gentle name,
May it written be in the Book on high—
May I live with her where the joys ne'er die,
 And palms of vict'ry claim !

THE SUICIDE.

“ Beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.”
—*Hemans.*

HERBERT, the staring world will look and
wonder
 Why earthly sorrow should crown death as king—
Like to the quivering nerve the steel doth sunder,
 Where pain doth triumph o'er the fibrous string.
The world knows little of the full heart breaking
 As feels the eye to see the rent nerve aching.

Hope to the hopeless is the dearest ever—
For sunny vision yearns the groping blind,
Craving sweet sounds the closed ear lists forever,
The loveless dream some worshiped love to find.
A life so tensely to an idol clinging
Will priceless off'rings to that shrine be bringing.

The greatest heart with richer joys is swelling
Than common measures ever dare to feel,
And so the anguish in such bosoms dwelling
Is hidden fire that will its woe reveal.
Like desert trav'ler 'neath the palm tree lying
The simoon rouses to the sense of dying.

We mourn thee, Herbert; gems of classic story
To thee, a monarch in the realm of mind,
Were given to set in truest regal glory,
And to thy name immortal honors bind.
But tears must fall like rain and bolts descending
With mournful mem'ries of thy life's dark ending.



TO A SINGER.

HOW may I thank thee for the hours
Thy cheerful words and songs have gladdened,
Or, grateful, tell thee of their power
Upon a heart so deeply saddened ;
Of smiles, few know their painful cost
When wrecks of life they serve to cover ;
Yet sunshine cheers the tempest-tossed
And gilds the rain cloud over.

THE UNSEEN POWER.

WHERE it wiils blows the wind o'er the land
and the sea,
And ye list to the sound, but no form can ye see ;
Whence it cometh or goeth—canst tell in your
pride ?
O, ye answering wise ! 'tis a Power to abide,
To be known, as it gently comes in at the door,
With the fragrance of lilies, like charity's store—
As a mother to fan the invalid's cheek,
Or to lovingly strengthen the fainting and weak.

In the tempest it twisted the deep-rooted oak,
By its fury the crown of the poplar is broke,
And the waves of the ocean are crested with foam,
And the glittering iceberg is driven from home.

In the darkness of night to the depths so profound
Sink the sundering ships, with the shrieking and
drowned,

While the zephyrs that languidly move in the bower
Or tornadoes resistless reveal the same Power.

When a comet is blazing or meteors gleam
Or the quakings of earth as death agonies seem,
The volcano sends up to the zenith its spires
Of red flame from its fierce subterranean fires—
Or an island shoots out from a fathomless sea,
Or the billows sweep over a rich argosy,
Or the blight or the hail cast despair on the field,
'Tis the terror of the mighty Unseen revealed.

From the outer world turn ye to mysteries deep
In the mind, with its cavils like chasms to leap—
With its memories and pride, its affections and
hate,

Its unanswerable yearnings that listen and wait
For solution, deliverance from mazes of thought,
And is helpless till faith reverential is wrought—
Revelations from Sinai that evermore prove
With invisible Power dwells Infinite Love.



THE BIRD AND I.

ONCE a lone bird, Evelyn,
I met far from the haunts of men,
It sang a note most strangely wild,
And sang it ever o'er again.

Wrapt in wonder, Evelyn,
I spied beneath its broken wing
The feather of an arrow fast
'Mid purple dyes as death will bring.

Mate it had none, dear girl,
Nor nestling brood in any bower ;
In that deep wood no sunshine came,
Nor yet a blooming wildwood flower.

How like to me, Evelyn,
With my harp's quivering string--
With not a joy of earth to share,
And yet from very pain to sing.



WHY ?

O THOU, who gavest to me my being,
Who set the life-beat in the heart,
Why are the moments ever fleeing?
Is this brief life a whole or part ?

What claim on me for life's bestowing ?
A fraction mote, lost if alone
'Mid vastness, worlds, and finite showing—
Uncomprehending and unknown.

What shall my spirit note in passing
To prove its mission done and well ?
With deeds of good or ill amassing
Which column cancels ? Who can tell ?

On the dead past why knells are ringing ?
Why, crowned, the living present weeps ?
Why wrong's path shows but flowers springing,
While right leads up o'er rocky steeps ?

Why power is mailed in golden armor
While bloodless famine shrouds the poor ?
Why strength, in iron shod, doth clamor
For necks to make his footing sure ?

Why self enthroned ne'er knows a brother—
Self-homage e'er ambition's twin ?
Why love, the star-winged angel, other
And humbler temples enters in ?

Why linger in such darkness groping
When conscious of the power of sight?

O Thou! my heavy eyelids open,
And bless me with Thy glorious light.

Ah! now these problems find solution;
Sin-darkened life and reasonings o'er—
Faith in the cross brings absolution,
Time's conflicts past, peace evermore.

EDITH LE BONNE.

IN the valley of childhood years
When morning rays of hope were beaming,
Snowy lilies in dewy tears
Like gems new-set in golden gleaming
Graced the widening path of life,
Till hidden in the greenwood cover—
Where the impending storm of strife
No mortal vision might discover.

In the valley and twining flowers
With tender hands, and feet still treading
Down the path and through the bowers,
Came Edith, foe or snare undreading.
The pensive Anna shared her joy,
Cast brighter charm o'er simple pleasures—
With flute-toned voice, like love-bird coy,
Sang sweetest lays to graceful measures.

O, happy pair ! the sisters breathed
 Ambrosial airs from Eden floating,
With thoughts like valley-lilies wreathed
 In silken web, the moments noting.
Still shaking off the wayside dust
 Of earthliness, from sin retiring,
Their spirits rose above life's rust
 To unseen heights, with hope aspiring.

A wall of actuals rising near,
 The higher range of mind impeding,
Met Edith's youth, so fair and clear,
 And shadowed hope—the goal receding.
But Anna's vision pierced the veil—
 She heard the far-off sweet evangels,
And, blessing Edith in the dale,
 Passed swiftly on to sing with angels.

A dark eye flashed—a wondrous spell
 On Edith wrought ; like serpent charming
The bird, in gazing, victim fell ;
 The fatal power gave no alarming.
And as a lamb in garlands decked
 Might deem 'twere led to greener meadows,
Of sacrifices nothing recked,
 Unknowing of the altar's shadows,

Before the altar and the priest
Were sealed the vows true love assuring—
A solemn hour—joy's funeral feast,
Confirming bonds to death enduring.

Edith's infatuation wild
Sincerely thanked the boundless Giver
For what He had not given ! Beguiled
By artful words—she artless ever.

The wretched truth came out too soon—
Came like the lightning's sudden blazing,
Or like the thunder's crash at noon,
Or midnight storms a temple razing.
A chill of night benumbed her life,
The bloom from cheek and lip had faded,
No sunshine blessed the unloved wife
In silent woe and depths unaided.

Far from the maiden's Eden led,
Where blossom hopes but once unfolding,
Were Edith's steps with feet that bled,
And hands the bitter wormwood holding.
Dark eyes with fierceness lit the way,
A labyrinth of tangled threading ;
No green thing in the desert lay,
Nor olive groves the sands o'erspreading.

Then Heaven a cherub kindly sent
The torpid soul to life rewaking—
A treasure when the last was spent,
A hope to bind the last when breaking.
This gift with cord a thousandfold
Unto her heart was blindly tying,
When death these earth-ties all unrolled
And plumed the wings again for flying.

A blank—a loneliness as wide
As starless midnight ocean sailing—
Despairing prayer in anguish cried
For light when flesh and heart were failing.
How long to wait the blissful hour
Of freedom from a rayless prison !
How craved the captive spirit power
To enter in the land Elysian !

A timid dove to Edith came,
Its presence all her being blessing,
Though fears of idol-worship's claim
Gave awe unto the sweet possessing.
Her daily paths had walls as stone,
So cold and gray and skyward reaching—
A precipice lay farther on—
A faithless guide its terror teaching.

Strange ! Edith's heart grew strong within—
She who, a cowering slave, had trembled,
Unmurmuring and despairing been,
Felt courage in her veins enkindled,
And, clasping to her breast the bird,
Commenced that lofty wall ascending—
That ancient wall which God had reared
For human need and woman's friending.

She climbed by statutes, nor grew faint
Nor backward looked when passing over ;
Had God not heard the heart's complaints ?
And His eye pierced the tyrant's cover ?
Ah ! He who kept the Hebrews three
Did shield her in the wretched needing ;
The Power that led through wild and sea
The Israel host her steps was leading.

On restful, sunny slopes of Peace
Fell gentle words like music thrilling—
Yet Edith's joy was for release
From tyrant—sorrow's prayer fulfilling.
Sad warder of a wasted life—
The stern death-angel's summons waiting
To pass beyond all earthly strife,
Through faith in Christ, to bliss awaiting.

A BIRD FEATHER.

ONLY a quill from the wing of a bird,
A feather—and nothing more—
Wonderful depths in my heart have stirred,
'Mid memory's precious store.

Visions are wrought of one in the grave
Who petted the minstrel sweet,
Trilling his notes on the uppermost stave
In melody rare, complete—

Visions of light in the homestead aisles
Of gladness and love's sweet will—
Lips that have lost the art of smiles,
And hands that are ever still.

Long were the years in a desolate cage,
The bird sang to me alone,
Love-airs of youth rewarbled in age,
Reechoed in thrilling tone.

Sang ever to me, while his ringing note,
Like a captive's wordless plea
Pining for flight to a clime remote—
Ah ! his native air was free.

All folded the wings of my silent bird,
And hidden by turf from sight,
Yet bird and sweet child and hopes deferred
Are filling my dreams to-night.

Only a quill from the wing of a bird,
A feather—and nothing more—
Yearnings awake for the minstrelsy heard
By the blest on the deathless shore.

WASTED OINTMENT.

(Mark xiv, 4.)

“WHY such a waste?” the disciples said :
“ Better to sell, and give alms to the poor.”
Jesus each motive silently read,
Specious pretense of a good to secure.
Deepest abasement the box unsealed,
Pardon and peace to the action ensued,
What might the costly aroma yield
Precious to Him as the spirit renewed ?

Heavy the clouds now, threat'ning and low,
Breaking in showers of penitent rain—
Deeply her life was stricken with woe,
Brooding despair half 'wilder'd the brain ;
Suffering unpitied from scorn and shame,
Bearing remorse through her hopeless years,
Trembling in awe at the Master's name,
Struggling to rise with a burden of fears.

Such was the woman bathing His feet,
Craving permission to hear but His word—
Pouring out ointment fragrant and sweet
On the Friend of sinners, Saviour and Lord.
Ever be told this token of love,
Wafted on wings of ages to come—
“ She did what she could ” her faith to prove,
Forecasting the burial in Joseph’s tomb.

“ Why such a waste ? ” is the mammon cry
Echoing yet as the wisdom of men ;
What of the stewardship, sacred and high ?
Surely the Master is coming again—
Labor in faith, His Gospel declare ;
Offered in deserts or lands by the sea
Talents or time or service of prayer,
Jesus will reckon as “ Done unto Me.”

ALONE.

HOW oft I sit alone
In musing fit at twilight time !
When busy bee and idle drone
Unite in vesper chime.

I dream that sweetly near
Death-parted spirits noiseless come
To whisper “ courage ” in mine ear—
“ Courage, till days are done.”

O never all alone !
The smiling radiance of one face—
One name on memory's altar stone
Transfigures all the place.

This hour's communings reach
Into the unseen far and sure,
Revealing what no human speech
Can utter, faultless, pure.

O holy hour ! on me
Thus falls thy benediction sweet—
In heaven's dawn from sorrows free,
The dream will be complete.

THE PETITION.

SPEAK low ! a spell doth bind me now,
I've reck'ning been with joy and grief—
The bitter fennel binds my brow
With roots to fill the heart's red sheaf.

There is a power within to spur
My thought unto the edge of space—
Strange words are rising with the stir
Of spirit for the lightning's pace.

What reck I now ?—in that green earth
Lies all to me of love and light,
No clinging to the land of birth—
Give me a mission gleaner's right.

An earnest of some good desired
Shall answered to the utmost be ;
I cannot rest—my brain is fired
To tell of Heaven beyond the sea.

No fear goes quivering through these veins,
And heathen blindness needs a cure ;
Though perils fill the sea and plains,
God's promises are ever sure.

I trust—believe them for my own—
By fire the gold is purified.
He'll keep me till His work is done,
For Jesus' sake, the Crucified.

“WINE IS A MOCKER.”

“**W**INE is a mocker,” is it not so ?
Thou who dost gaze on its fiery glow ;
Say, doth it quench the fever within
When thou hast drank thy glass to the brim ?
No, it still mocks thy deep, burning thirst,
Tempting thy parched lips more than at first.

“ Wine is a mocker,” laughing to scorn
Each sad plea of the hearts it hath torn ;
Drowning thoughts of the desolate hearth
By wilder scenes at the halls of mirth ;
Say, reveler, say, mocketh it not
Thy hours of repose with bitter thought ?

“ Wine is a mocker,” did it e'er bear
A wretched heart to a place of prayer,
Comfort a mind with the truths of Heaven,
Or show the blest plan of sins forgiven?
Falsely it promised for sorrows joy—
Ne'er was it found in the wine's alloy.

“ Wine is a mocker,” filling the brain
With fitful dreams of pleasure or pain—
Throwing a shadow o'er reason's light,
Unnerving the arm of manly might,
Lulling the soul from a fear of death,
Yet robbing at once of hope and breath.

THE LAST ENEMY.

DEAD! O bluebird on the lea,
Chirping nestlings call for thee,
Hungry, lonely, ill at rest,
Helpless birdlings in a nest;
Shelterless from storm and cold,
Mother-wing can never fold
Over them with gentle love,
Pitying care again to prove.

Cry that thrilleth every ear,
Shrill with anguish, wild with fear!
Wail that echoeth of woe,
Riseth from yon meadow low—
Lonelier grief no life hath stirred,
Empty nest to mother bird,
Flying, calling o'er and o'er,
Never birdling answers more.

Prattling child starts from his play,
Sudden sorrow clouds the day ;
Sobbing on a bosom strange,
Questioning the fearful change ;
Slumber soothes his grief with dreams,
Visions happy—holy gleams
Part the shadows from his sleep,
“ My mamma ! ” and wakes to weep.

Watching till the stars have paled—
Watching where all hope hath failed ;
Loving light gone out in eyes
Lovelier than starlit skies—
Mother-clasp to darling cold
Loosens, childless heart to fold ;
For this mother—dead one—all
Night and blindness drape the pall.

This is earth—its blight and doom,
Love and tears, a hope and tomb.
Dying! shall we live again?
E'er relink life's broken chain?
Will the lost love find its own?
Aching hearts e'er cease to moan?
Yes! through faith in Christ is given
"Victory over death,"—and heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

As a bird to sing with a broken wing,
So her inspiration came—
Like a summer day, in its noon tide ray,
Was her gifted soul aflame.

As the precious gold, from its depths untold,
Lies in furnace melting dross—
So, by love unsought, was an anguish wrought
To her young heart's bitter loss.

With a lyrist's ring on a tuneful string
Rose her sweetest words to tell
Of the spirit's power to claim its dower
Of high thoughts garnered well.

In her visions bright the forms of light
Shone a radiant company—
From mysteries long diviner song
Wrought heavenly harmony.

COMING HOME.

(Referring to the China missionaries, Revs. Gibson, Maclay,
and others.)

BLOW gently now, O hot monsoon !
Bear fragrance on your noisy wings—
Hang clouds to shade the fire of noon—
Give to these sails all pleasant things.

These sails that court the western breeze
To homeward bear a mission band
From burning skies and southern seas,
Returning to their native land.

Farewells are past—the shore is dim—
The vineyard other hands may dress ;
These labored long for love of Him
Whose mission was a world to bless.

These preached the Gospel of the cross
To heathen strange in speech and race—
Ne'er reckoning in their labor, loss—
Believing Christ's sufficient grace.

Upon the plain they leave their dead—
From Christian graves heaven is not far,
For lighting up its lowly bed
Through Love's dark night—Faith's rising star.

O coming home ! How thrills the heart
Of those who wait with welcome true
To meet—to greet—ah ! then to part
For other changes, sad and new.

But when upon the heavenly shore
We hear the tidings angels bring
As loved ones come, to part no more,
How glorious “ coming home ” will ring !

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

 SOLEMN hour is met
When life and time doth sever;
The mortal day is set,
While life lives on forever.

To all comes certain death,
Yet few e'er stop to ponder
The worth of pulse and breath,
As through the world they wander.

The hour when shadows fall
On earthly sight and feeling ;
The records furnished, all
Closed for the great revealing.

Or picture e'er the scene
Their own hour will be bringing,
Of loved forms dimly seen,
Of sweet tones vainly ringing.

Of dizziness and pain,
Of numbness, coldness creeping—
A pressed and throbbing brain,
At last a cold heart sleeping.

Nor yet alike to all
Are pillow'd couches given,
Nor will a dark-plumed pall
Wave o'er each heir of heaven.

The beggar's wayside bed,
And he there lonely dying ;
The soldier battle-led,
With thousands round him lying.

The mad sea's reckless waves
Life's gasping forms will cover ;
Blest they who have a grave
Round which some sweet hopes hover.

Yet choosing is not ours,
When, how, or where the meeting,
Doom like a dark cloud lowers,
With mysteries in keeping.

Two worlds the future hath,
That hour, the soul's sure portal,
Into undying death,
Or joy of life immortal.

MOONLIGHT.

CLIMBING the hill to see the moon,
And a ringing laugh was heard,
Gay as a fawn, a young life's boon,
Free as wildest song of bird.
Deeply graven a picture there,
Which on rock and river lay,
Lines, though traced with an unseen pen,
Memory stored in heart away.

Here by my casement sit awhile,
For the pure air hath a spell ;
And these soft rays are like a smile
From a face once loved so well.
Remembrance brings some visions dear,
And I will tell of them to thee,
Though every word should start a tear,
Yet in this moonlight list to me.

Yon river in its placid flow
Doth bear my childhood's happy dreams,
The stars above make stars below ;
How clear to-night this picture seems !
Yon fleecy clouds, like every hope
Which ever lent a joy to me,
Were worshiped until broken up
In tempests on the earth and sea.

The very willow's graceful form,
The silver maple's shining leaves,
The oak defiant to the storm,
The swallow twittering in the eaves,
Are linked unto a midnight hour ;
A white arm clasped about my neck,
When peace lay on the roof and bower,
And spirit tones the silence break
Of faith to each, and we did crave
Death might not touch the love thus given ;
This moonlight falls upon her grave ;
I feel she loves me now in heaven.



COMMENCEMENT.

HERE, algebraic problems solving,
Problems long, hard, and abstruse,
Oft the student is revolving
When the tedious task will close.

Now each brain has some fond scheme
For the lottery of life—
And each heart some brilliant dream,
Free from toil, or care, or strife.

Full restless many minds to-day,
Nerved to grasp some future bliss ;
Too soon break all restraint away,
To live—the best of life—to miss !

Measure the compound of the joys
Which to attain inspires all hope—
Honor and love the centerpoise—
Fame and wealth of boundless scope.

Life of lengthened years to spend,
Then calmly to lie down and die—
Rest where waving willows bend
And marble glistens cold and high.

“ These may not be,” is ever heard
From the sages gone before ;
Yet surely as spring had a bird
They had dreams and hopes of yore.

And surely as the foliage green
Or the flowers of summer die,
Will there come a change of scene—
Hopes and griefs becloud the sky.

Now each busy brain is storing
Knowledge for some untried use—
Years will test the wings for soaring—
Deeds will meet Death's flag of truce.

ANNA.

THEY buried her low in a vale of the West,
And wreaths of the white rose laid above her—
In loneliness deep she will sweetly rest,
Unheeding the tears of those who loved her.

So long had she toiled for that short, weary breath
That measured the hours with pulse slow-beat-
ing—
She shrank from the grasp of the stern victor
Death—
'Twas grace which nerved her soul to the
meeting.

She fain would have paused ere the strings of her
heart

Were writhing and torn 'neath a weight of sor-
row—

And fain had escaped the grim messenger's dart
To have lived and enjoyed a bright to-morrow.

Consumption was charged with her sad, early death ;
Was it so ? Did the rose-color bleaching
From lip and from cheek, or the low-coming breath,
Unerringly tell decay's o'erreaching ?

Too oft it hath been some crushed dream of youth,
Some vision of love, the heart concealing
In its innermost cell in silence to soothe,
Hath worn away life without revealing.

But as she hath died, nor told aught of her grief,
Still let it rest undisturbed forever—
In that holier world she will find relief,
There drink healing draughts from life's sparkling
river.



MINISTERING SPIRITS.

I HAD a vision of wonderful sweetness
In an hour when my heart was breaking with
grief ;
Transcendent of heavenly meetness,
Like the Gilead balm of wine of relief.
The Lord of heaven in His sympathizing
Saw the human love o'erburdened with care ;
I dreamed—bright spirits, my own recognizing,
Appeared, commissioned to soothe my despair.

A saint of beauty, of radiant brightness,
Bade me “ humbly, fully acknowledge His rod ; ”
I yet “ should realize all of the rightness
Of the feet-bruising rocks that lay in the road.”
“ Labor on till He calls,” an admonition
Which thrilled my being with power divine ;
“ Patient to wait the glorious fruition,”
Rang in with the other, a chanting sublime.

“ No idols for thee ! ” like to incense burning
On an altar which else had crumbled away,
So precious this came to my spirit yearning
To clasp once again the child-treasure in clay.
So near that the murmurs of pain or dying
Were not heard ; thus lifting my head from the
dust,
Rejoicing to labor or suffer, relying
On the merits of Christ, the holy and just.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN,
APRIL 14, 1865.

THE earth was jarring with the deafening thunder

Which echoed by the sea and rolling river,
While nations, breathless in their mutest wonder,
Looked on to see Rebellion's dying quiver.

Victorious floated now our Union banner,
The winds bore on triumphal notes of cheering,
And fervent prayers and freedom's sweet hosannas,
Prophetic watchword of the morn's appearing.

The peaceful morn for which our souls were yearning,

The shore beyond the deep Red Sea of battle,
The vision of our hero-braves returning,
No more to dare the gleaming saber's rattle.

What cometh now? The very birds are quiet,
The mountain echoes lost in valleys sleeping;
The noisy waters yesterday ran riot—
They're hushed to-day, within a blue lake keeping.

What cometh now? Death in a tragic fearful
The nation's pilot 'mid the breakers smiteth,
And mourning cometh to people orphaned, tearful—
A woe that Grief from very dumbness writeth.

A life for which a million hearts were praying,
A mind where loyal millions were relying
Is gone! Like Hebrews, we in sackcloth straying,
Whose leader viewed the promised land ere
dying.

But shall we in the wilderness thus perish?
Our ship go down, a wreck in sight of haven?
On Thee we call! Almighty Father, cherish
Our stricken land. Be holy guidance given!

JENNY LIND.

O, HAST thou not in some rapt vision
E'er heard the songs which angels sing?
And spellbound from the gates elysian
Hast sought to earth their notes to bring?

And as thy voice in notes ascending
Is pouring forth the words of song,
Doth not thine ear feel like 'twere bending
To catch the sounds which there belong?

For He who gave the seraphs power
To wake immortal minstrelsy,
Gave thee the strength for triumph's hour,
And claims an offered heart from thee.

Yet deep within thy spirit stirring
Are harmonies that never sleep ;
A pity for the sinful erring
And love for those who lonely weep.

May hearts that bless thee bless the Giver
Who gave so great a gift to thee—
And lips that praise thee praise Him ever
Through time and in eternity.

THE WIND.

I NEVER heard a driving wind
Come sweeping round my way,
Or, caught upon a tense-strung harp,
Its dreary music play,
In songs of how the leaves have died
And fallen to the ground—
How birds have left their summer nests,
Or waters ice hath bound ;
But I have thought my shudd'ring frame
Was like some spirit warm,
Cast forth, unsheltered and alone,
To bide the cold world's scorn.
Whose heart had felt the piercing blast
Thrill through its trembling strings,
And echoed to the wild-rung notes
A tone of bitter things.

SEEMING SO NEAR.

SEEMING so near, the viewless curtain
Hanging upon life's farther wall,
Seeming full near the hour so certain
Coming to me, awaiting all.

Seeming so near, the door half open,
Swinging that I may enter in;
Questions my heart in blindness groping,
"If it be soon the change begin?"

Often at night awaking, weeping
Over my dead with icy hands—
Silently comes a specter, keeping
Note of a glass with dropping sands.

Stilling my pulse's noisy throbbing
Till I can learn if sands are low;
Reckoning much to gain by robbing
Secret profound from warder so.

Seeming so near! "To know is better,"
Reasons my soul, whose journey 'tis;
Ready to wait with passport letter—
Ready to move from tent like this.

What shall I take, and what be leaving?
"Naught but the book of dues can take;"
Haply a tent-cord interweaving
Snap from another holding stake.

Seeming so near, the pæan of praises
 Echoing full redemption's story;
Seeming so near! to be with Jesus,
 Veil withdrawn to behold His glory.

TO MRS. S.

CAROLINE, darling! Many a thought
 And many a bright dream comes before me,
And visions which fancy's charm hath wrought
 In spellbound moments flashes o'er me.
And yet when I would woo awhile
 The enchanting spirit's low-toned measure,
That I might other hours beguile
 With the same sweet source of untold pleasure,
Too oft it sends me wordless back
 Into my heart's dark store of sorrow,
To sadly find in memory's track
 The joy which grief from tears can borrow.
But Hope points to a world more blest,
 Where thought, nor scene, nor fancy tires,
Fain would I seek its calm, sweet rest,
 And weave a song for angel lyres.



PRISON ECHOES.

A pale young mother walked up the aisle of the church and presented her child for baptism, her father standing as sponsor. Her husband was a prisoner in Libby Prison.—E. L. B.

PACING the floor of a crowded cell
With weary step by day—
Musing the hour of that last farewell
Which left my boy at play;
No stoic the tide of tears could stay
While visions of home before me lay—
Of my Willie at play.

Wasting the strength of my manhood's years
In breathing loathsome air—
Dying, or dead lie my prison peers,
And done with feverish care,
How soon I their hapless fate may share!
God looks down on a woman at prayer—
With my Willie, at prayer.

Starving and sick while months speed on—
Even life is a burden sore—
Living or dying—no bays are won—
A prisoner's name—no more!
Whisper it softly—the name I bore—
Forgotten now—yet evermore
'Tis my Willie's in store.

'Tis weakness to dig the grave of Hope
And fill its moldy bed—
For pulses are weak with death to cope—
Pain is king of my head.

True words of love from my lips have sped,
Never to reach the heart I wed—
Words to Willie unsaid.

Ah! courage leaps now to foil the foe—
Courage to suffer wrong!
A faith that pierces through years of woe—
Kindlings of heart grow strong.
To mother and boy time will be long,
But Time will echo my Freedom song,
To my Willie, a song.

Inscribed to Judge H. L. SIBLEY, January, 1865.



THE MANIAC BRIDE.

“A Southern student made the acquaintance of a young lady while attending college, to whom he was betrothed, and the wedding day was set. The young man was to bring home a sister of the bride to attend the wedding, but when within ten miles of Mira’s home they stopped off and were married! The news came to her, and reason was dethroned.”—*Old Magazine*.

COME with me, Mira, gentle and lone,
He whom thou waitest never will come,
False were the whispers poured in thine ear—
Come with me, Mira, linger not here.
Bright were these flowrets gathered for him,
Bright as thy heart-hopes withered and dim.
Linger not chiding the long delay—
Sunlight hath faded, haste thee away.

Lost in the vision trusted so long,
Reason hath fallen, love was more strong,
Young, and so faithful that tryst to keep,
Tryst to prove lifelong, well may’st thou weep—
Pondering ever the words of love
Listed so fondly, faithful to prove;
Sweetly forgotten the blight which came—
Breaking the fond heart, clouding thy brain.

How may I cheer thee, gentle and lone?
Would from thy sorrow thou couldst be gone,
Couldst cease these watchings and place thy trust
On Him who hath loved thee and claimed thee first.

He would gently wipe thy burning tears,
Fully and sweetly allay thy fears;
Throughout eternity thou might'st prove
Bliss in a Saviour's deathless love.

“THE NIGHT COMETH.”

“COMETH night!” O, are we ready?
Are the lamps well trimmed for burning?
Has the day's work unreturning
Been a work of making ready?

“Cometh night!” with ample warning—
Great the need of earnest labor,
Need, demanding all the day, bore
Opportunities unscooning.

Morning hides behind a curtain
Falling suddenly and solemn;
Noontide drapes a broken column;
Sooner, later, night is certain.

Sow we seed, with much of weeping,
O'er the fields so rough and arid,
Gather clusters rich and varied
From the vineyards of our keeping.

All of duty, all of pleasure,
Sinner warned, new hope inspiring,
Faith increased, and doubt retiring,
Meet the night's unequal measure.

Soon 'twill touch our aching vision
With the blindness of the sleeping,
Gather all our sheaves and reaping
For the judgment morn's decision.

Pride, and doubt, with creedless error,
Whisper false to giddy dreamer;
Faith can boast a sure Redeemer
From the grave-pit's gloom and terror.

“Cometh night!” Our Guide is ready,
Through the darkness all unfearing,
Though unseen His voice is cheering,
And His arm is strong and steady.

A MOTHER'S DIRGE.

HE came to me when flowers and sunshine
Were gladdening the earth;
When birds were joying in the summer time
With gladsome song and mirth.

He came to me in growing beauty bright,
With winsome act and look,
And smiling ways which were a sweet delight,
Now marked in mem'ry's book.

He came to me, a little spirit pure
And guileless of offense ;
And oft I asked—it was my daily prayer—
To keep that innocence.

I have him not ; when autumn's gaudy leaf
Grew loose upon the stem,
Upon my spirit fell a blighting grief—
My baby lies with them.

I have him not ; O bitter words are they,
And full of meaning, too !
Death hath put out for me one blessed ray,
A dear one from my view.

I have him not ; in heaven he now doth dwell
With God and angels there ;
Yet there's a yearning in my heart's lone cell
To have him with me here.



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

TO hear and know of the fearful height
That men have dared for a moment's sight—
For one look down on the vales below
With feet on craters covered with snow !
To feel the pride of a strong endeavor
That chisels in thought the scene forever—
Thus dare the danger of awful death
To draw one moment's exultant breath.

Can fawns that play in the vales of sedge,
Or flowers that bloom on the rocky ledge,
Or streams that laugh in the sunlight's glow,
Lack charm till seen from the peaks of snow ?
Or do men climb to the stars of even
To voice a prayer that will enter heaven ?
To blend a note in the chant sublime,
A mortal's measure in Nature's rhyme ?

THE MAIDEN AND BIRD.

A MAIDEN sat in a blooming bower,
And her heart was cheerful and light,
When a bird came near to taste each flower
And to rest in his homeward flight—
To rest and to warble a song of joy
That his life so brilliant had been—
In the cups of sweet no bitter alloy—
No clouds of terror ever had seen.

“ I'll tune my harp to the same glad note,
In my own heart echo his song.”
She touched the strings, and thence did float
Sweet, thrilling melody, and strong—
'Twas borne on the breeze with the odors around,
And far o'er the garden was heard
The music of love, the power that had bound
The song of the maiden and bird.

But anon, and it melted in tones
Deep'ning to sadness, like the flow
Of cold, distant waters, or the moans
Of stricken hearts, plaintive and low ;
For the bird was then singing a song of death,
A grief-laden dirge o'er the past—
And the maiden was twining a tear-gemmed wreath
On the grave of her love to cast.

The maiden then struck on those chords
A finer and loftier note—
She sang of immortal rewards
Beyond where the evening stars float,
Of a love which no changes ever can blight,
And of joys unspeakably pure—
Of a harp with the blest by the Throne of Light,
And a home eternally sure.

BEREFT.

I COULD not think that *she* would die,
My beautiful, my own—
That death would close her beaming eye,
And leave me all alone.
That she would live, though sometime I
Would fall beside the way—
And guard her steps, a spirit nigh,
Unfettered by the clay.

I've wept to think it might be soon
She would be motherless—
My struggling life go down at noon,
With little left to bless.
I could not think that her warm heart
Would ever be so cold—
That I should ever need to part
And cover her with mold !

I've often prayed that God would keep
My child when I was dead ;
That He, whose eyelids never sleep,
Would shield her tender head ;
That He would keep her life from sin,
And, blessing, wipe each tear—
I knew not that my prayer would win
Her from my dying fear.

Around me sobs the winter wind,
 A wail with mine to-night—
For nature and the heart are kin,
 And both are doomed to blight.
The frozen rain falls on the leaves ;
 Her grave is white with snow—
My heart with ceaseless aching grieves,
 O'erburdened with such woe.

BURNS.

BURNS' love for Highland Mary
 Wrought for songs their sweetest merit ;
Burns' grief for death-cold Mary
 Blessed the song-power of his spirit.

Naught cared he for metric art
 Nor lore of deep philosophy—
He never trained his Scottish heart
 To sing in measures scholarly.

As well to set the wild bird's notes,
 Accord by rules of rhyme and meter,
Or bind the aroma that floats
 O'er balsam pines or mountain heather.

He loved mankind with ardent love—
 His aptest themes sprang from the lowly—
Wrongdoer—but his creed to prove,
 “ The Cotter's Night ” absolves him wholly.

REMINDERS.

WHO ever fed a bird with crumb
That did not feel to love it some?

And rising on a frosty morn
To find it dead beneath the thorn,
Did not pure drops of pity shed
That even this bright bird was dead?

And who that ever watched a flower
Through shade and sunshine's varied power,
Till thickly set with buds most rare
That promise gave of blossoms fair,
Didst sorrow not to find it droop,
Cut off by hidden worm at root?

And when another bird would sing
And for another fold his wing
Would it recall the happy time
Of the dead robin's softer rhyme?
And when some other's rose was seen
With bursting buds and glist'ning green,
Remembered not the withered, well,
Or ventured of its fate to tell?

Who ever watched the cradled sleep
Of infant, there alone to keep
The vigil of an opening life
From chance of danger and of strife,
Till part of self the child became,
E'er calling thee by love's sweet name?

While hope and joy flowed in full tide
Till stopped its cold, stiff form beside?
The bird and flower so quickly missed
Are nameless to a woe like this.
Henceforth all other childlike grace
Brings to the mother that dead face.

LOVER'S SONG.

O, WHITE-WINGED dove,
Fly over the sea—over the sea;
Rest never the wing
Till resting to sing
In Fayal's grove.
Would'st thou know, O bird, the strain to wake
Till hearts are stirred for love's sweet sake,
Sing ever of me—ever of me.

Wake, tuneful chords,
At evening's still hour—evening's still hour;
One message of truth,
One home-tone of youth,
In memory's words.
'Twould be, O bird, a knowledge blest
If sure 'twere heard in her gay rest,
Sing there of love's power—there of love's power.

Speed thee, O speed,
Bear thought on the wing—thought on the wing,
In tenderest tone
Which thou dost own,
Sing thought is freed.
Though gold could part, no change we fear,
That anchored heart can trust one here—
Of me do thou sing—me do thou sing.

TO ZIMRODE

SISTER, Eden's pleasant streams
Are flowing bright beyond our vision ;
Oft though in our soul's sweet dreams
Do we gaze on the land Elysian.
Often when the dark clouds break
In floods of sorrow o'er the spirit
Faith and Hope a view will take
Of the life of bliss we inherit.
Ah ! we know of some who rest
With folded pinions safe in heaven ;
And the knowledge comes a guest
To these lone hearts whence they were riven.
Yet when dreams shall cease to be,
When death life's brittle bond shall sever ;
With the redeemed, O shall we
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit ever !

MILLENNIAL.

WHEN the nations sit down at the great feast
of peace

How will they celebrate?

When the tramping and thundering of armies shall
cease

O'er the lands desolate!

What the pageant will be in that wonderful day—
Will olive-branch banners?

Will devices of wisdom and power hold sway?

Will they sing hosannas?

Will they list the children unsheltered by homes,
Whose pitiful yearning

Is mingled with cries for the graveless bones
Of the unreturning?

Ah! the Eye that was watching o'er each battle-plain
Looked down upon brothers—

And the Ear that was listening the shrieks of the slain
E'er listened the mothers!

Will a silence, like follows a storm on the sea,
An awe deep and solemn,

Hold the rulers of earth when gathered to see
War's myriads fallen?

O, when nations sit down at the great feast of peace
Will love rule the banquet?

For strife and oppression forever shall cease—
God reigning triumphant!

THE FRIENDLESS MOURNER.

"A plain-looking man, in threadbare coat, went by this morning with a coffin upon his shoulder, of a child apparently about nine years of age. He stopped at the gate and asked the man for a spade. When asked what he wanted of it he said, 'To bury my boy, for I am a stranger and without money.'"*"Old Newspaper."*

IT was hard, it was hard to see him die,
With the dark'ning film of death on his eye,
While the fever wasted his slight, fair frame,
And his pale lips murmured his mother's name,
For by his hard couch stood his sire alone,
Nor near him to soothe in her kindly tone
Was the mother, ah ! no, her low, green grave,
Was made with her kindred far o'er the wave.

All alone watched the father o'er the son
Till he died—till the last low breath was drawn—
Then gazed on the form of his cherished child,
And there wept till his brain was well-nigh wild.
Not a friend nor a foe was near to lay
The form of the dead in its house of clay.
That father buried with his own worn hand
The son of his love in the stranger's land.



POET.

WHAT must the poet be ?
All intellect and glowing fancies ;
With words and wisdom free,
But kindling with the heart's romances.

The tear that may be seen
By light upon its globule gleaming,
More beauty hath, I ween,
Than furrows worn by salter streaming.

The smile on lip and eye
Is welcome to the masses human ;
But turn thee, when to die,
Fierce pain hath made thy visage gloomy.

And poet, whisper low
If thine own heart is sore and bleeding ;
Ah ! never tell of woe—
None here—give winds thy pleading.

But seek for charméd words
Attuned to love-chords sweet and tender—
Learn song from summer birds,
These only can an echo render.

The castle covered o'er
With ivy hides its portal broken—
Still write thou evermore,
And leave thine own deep woe unspoken.

COUNTRY WEDDING.

(Thirtieth Anniversary.)

DEAR friends, I remember
A morning in May,
Whose beautiful dawning
Proclaimed a fair day,
Prophetic of life to the
Bridegroom and bride—
An omen for good, for their
Future untried.
The bliss of that day
Made a record in gold—
All glowing with blessings
And wishes foretold.
So happy, the fairest of maidens among—
So proudly, the suitor in wooing had won.
The guests and the feast,
The day and the bride,
Supernal—the next early morning a ride,
All guests to a feast—all merry and free,
This second May morning in vision I see.

Remember the youthful grace of the throng—
The musical voices enlivening with song,
The flowers and the birds, the atmosphere rare—
The witty and wise—the preacher and prayer.

Where are the living? ah! who are the dead?
Like wind-shattered blossoms in thirty years fled,
What brightness has vanished, while memory's dream
Is joining with arches each shore of the stream.

Thirty long years have been testing your love,
Faithful affection yet stronger to prove—
Truly, the Lord has been good unto you,
Blessings have fallen like sunlight and dew.

May many long years to your lives be shown—
Surrounded by friends in “home of your own;”
May you, with each guest, hear the welcome given,
To the great Marriage Feast of the Lamb in
Heaven!

“OLD HUNDRED.”

“I soon shall sing that hymn in heaven.”—*Hon. S. W. Harris,*
when dying.

HOW many of the songs of earth
Will rise upon the heavenly shore?
Where purest melodies have birth,
And music swells for evermore.
Will earthly harmonies prevail,
All blessed made, these worship strains,
Which we have sung to death's dark vale,
Rewakened on the blissful plains?

O, will a saddened note e'er fall,
That sorrow ever wrung from man?
Will life beyond the hymns recall,
The broken lays which here began?
And will a dirge's solemn wail
Or organ anthem peal be heard;
Or will there be a voice to fail
And falter, as by fear 'twere stirred?

In all the glory of that clime,
Where angel bands and spirits move,
The holy, from our trial time,
Made happy in a Saviour's love;—
The worship of that dazzling throng,
Outshining all the stars of night—
Will ring with praise-inspiring song—
Scarce echoed through the gates of Light.



WATCHINGS.

WATCHING for her father
In the yard and garden,
Standing by the window,
Thinking that she heard him ;
Beatings in her heart
No other child can know—
Races for her feet,
No other one can go.
Oft starting with alarm,
A painful, weary life,
A fear of one fierce arm,
A dread of horrid strife.

Watching for her father
In the blaze of noon,
And her anxious mother
Watching by the moon—
Listening in the dark night,
Dreaming in her sleep—
Waking in a cold fright,
Waking but to weep.
'Tis her sunlight's shadow,
A death knell in her play,
Serpent of the meadow
'Mid the flowers gay.

Like unto the slave's child,
Or the hunted deer—
Or the chamois watch wild,
Like all slavish fear.
Much of heartache sobbing,
With its rain of tears,
Much of startled throbbing
In the coming years.

BLIGHT.

THE golden fields of promise stood
 Awaiting harvest time—
But grain for daily, human food
 Was blighted ere the prime.
And men grew sick and faint of heart—
 Fearing a lack of bread—
So hard the toil, such failures start
 Grim thoughts of famine dread.
Some folded hands in listless mood,
 Slow paced their heavy step—
Others, with quickened skill for good,
 Striving anew—were kept.

Youth looked out on the fields of life,
Eager to gain success—
Impatient for the heat and strife,
Earth's honors to possess.
Sorrows and purpose crossed with fears,
Failures—the sky o'ercast—
Stern lessons taught by passing years;
The prize—eluding grasp.
So few, with dauntless heart, could meet
Misfortune—and then dare
Renew their courage, to defeat
The blight of life's despair.

THE REQUEST.

BURY me when the sun goes down,
And its slanting rays o'er my grave may come,
Like a farewell to one who is going home,
Where clouds and darkness never frown.

Bury me where the grass is green,
Where the birds will sing each merry morn—
Where I shall be cold as marble to scorn,
And find from envy a screen.

Bury me with a hymn and prayer—
No mourning display of grief attend—
Nor eulogy from stranger friend,
Only the true, though few, be there.

SUBMISSION.

“ I CANNOT lay thee down, my sweet,
 Into a bed so dark and cold :
My daughter nevermore to greet
 And never to my heart infold.”

“ I cannot give thee up to die,
 My husband, noble, brave, and true ;
To hear my stricken children cry—
 To weep o'er thee a last adieu.”

A maiden sobbing o'er the bier
 Where lay her mother's pallid face—
“ How can I leave thee resting here
 To feel at home thy vacant place ? ”

“ Ah, dead ! for whom I could have died,
 My only son, in manhood's prime,
Thou wert the hope, the staff of pride
 Where I might lean in coming time.”

“ How can I live ? Alone, alone—
 The last heart loving me is cold,
Nor death nor sorrow pity shown—
 O'er my bare head have tempests rolled.”

And thus the wail of earth is heard—
 For hearts are selfish in their woe ;
They listen not the Healer's word—
 Submission to a righteous blow.

All human strength is helplessness
In this fierce strife of death and love.
The Chastener's hand alone can bless,
The power of meek submission prove.

LAURA.

(Aged Two.)

LOW down in the tomb, Laura,
They placed thy young, stiffened form
Where wild winds sweeping
O'er dewdrops weeping,
The long grass covering from harm—
An early, sad doom, Laura.

Thy mother's stay short, Laura,
When thou hadst been won away—
Her time death closing,
In trust reposing,
On a strong, high Arm she lay
Her hopes eternal, Laura.

Thy sister's soft cheek, Laura,
Thou never didst gently press,
For thou wert sleeping—
Though memory keeping
Of thee, said her sunny tress
Resembled thine, dear Laura.

Thy father's heart's sad, Laura,
Because of its sundered ties.

It would be breaking,
But hopes of waking
In a world beyond the skies
Are him consoling, Laura.

WINNING SOULS.

HOW may we win the young and gay,
Heedlessly treading folly's broad way ?
Win them to save from sinful years—
Woo them in love, beseeching with tears.

From the broad road where many go
To the narrow way, escaping woe.
Living to scatter blossoms of peace—
Seeking the riches of heavenly grace.

Ah ! how we love them—pray we for power
To win for Christ, eternity's dower ;
Redeemed by His blood, with pardon secure—
Through faith in His name immortality sure.

YEARS.

AH! decades five of years are gone
Life's little volume closes fast.
Turn back the pages one by one
And read once more from first to last ;
Of wild events which all have known,
Of interlinings on the heart
By days whose cheering radiance shone
With shadows as a counterpart.

When youth and hope were dancing tunes
Of bold, gay strains or tender airs,
Existence was like rosy Junes
Untouched by fatal frost of cares ;
The starlight cold, however clear,
Ne'er burst to flower one bud of spring—
And, lacking sun-warmth and rain-tear,
The fairest hopes lie withering.

O, weary decades! ye are all
So full of broken plans and vain ;
Of mystery full—the welcome call
From Him whose holy presence reigns
Where “known and knowing” there can be
No “darkly looking through a glass”—
Will set this earthworn spirit free,
Eternal years in bliss to pass.

SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

O, SWEET sixteen !
Counting up the years,
Memory's bitter tears
Will fall between.
Reckoning to eight
Shows the marble gate
To life unseen.

O, sweet sixteen !
Years of maiden bloom,
Hope and beauty's noon
Are half unseen—
Eight child-years were spent,
Angel presence lent,
To bless a dream.

EVENING.

THIS night in May is lit with stars,
And quiet reigns as if the world
Had flung aside its day of wars
And rested now, with banners furled.

Red roses bloom around the house,
As bloom the flowers in wildest glen—
No trellis quaint sustains the boughs,
So full of sweets to bees and men.

It is so still within our doors,
No step of youth or maiden falls;—
The rats hold dances on the floors,
And birds rear young upon the walls.

This is the same old home where played
The children blessed with mother's love—
But sunshine into shadows fade—
These thoughts are memory's treasure-trove.

“At evening time it shall be light”
In that new earth which is to be—
The blessed promise grows more bright,
A ray thrown from eternity.

GONE.

GONE! knowest thou not where the light is
gone
That shone on the path of yore?
Where gentle looks and smiles have flown,
That gladden our sight no more?

Where voices now that with our own
United in childhood's mirth?
Where swells the songs whose thrilling tones
Were sacred to home and hearth?

Now gone ! the bird whose tuneful throat
Enlivened the twilight hours,
And hopes from hearts as free to float
As aroma from flowers.

Alas ! for the touch of little hands
Encircling the mother's neck,
To lie like spars on wave-washed sands,
Recalling an unseen wreck.

From shore-set watch and breaking hearts
Still outward drift the sail at sea—
Life's blissful present thus departs,
Till white lips whisper, " Used to be."

The blessings go, but sorrows bide ;
Farewells cadence scenes of mirth ;
This echo ever, " One hath died ! "
Rings through lives and loves of earth.

MATERNAL.

THE realm of song has yielded me no bays
To twine in beauty round thy gentle name,
And only lovers rhyme their loving lays
In thrilling cadence—mine hath been too tame.

And fancy's wing hath all too heavy grown,
So laden with the bitter dews of grief;
It never seemeth right, the sunshine flown,
Still wreathing cypress, with the myrtle leaf.

If loveliness might tune the lyre aright,
What lies beneath thy coffin lid would stir,
And thy pale hand would move the words I write
With touching grace, and power to live confer.

If spirit pure unto the angels won
Might echo here the rapture of its bliss
In strains of melody, but just begun
While rising to that better world than this;

Then would the music of thy name have rung
Till mortal ears had drank its sweetness in—
Sweet rhymes have trembled upon every tongue,
All tender memories have hallowed been.

But not for thee to float with time adown
In amaranth beauty ever fresh and bright;
More glorious far to see thee wear a crown
Which Jesus gave, and robed in heavenly light.



LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

“ My schoolroom was beautifully decorated.”—*Correspondence.*

YE have gayly decked these walls,
Dear pupils; wherefore, tell?
They look like the festal halls
Where mirth is wont to dwell.
Is it so—and will ye make
Them sing with joyous song?
And with sunny youth will take
Its hopes and smiles along?

Is the cedar’s word of love
To be with soft breath told?
Or some chosen heart to prove,
Will rosebuds truth unfold?
Dear ones, years may sadly swell
To the close of this bright day—
Yet these echoes of “ farewell ”
Will o’er memory hold their sway.

REMEMBRANCE.

HEAR mothers sing their low lullaby
To the babes on their bosoms lying,
To my heart it brings sad thoughts and a sigh
And the hour of a little one’s dying.

A little low grave and a grassy mound
I remember, yet cheering my sorrow,
My spirit babe listeth to angel sounds
While I linger, waiting the morrow.

IMMORTALITY.

“O Ion! doomed to die,
To pass from life, with eye
And aim and spirit high,
And love’s ennobling tie—
Say, shall we meet again?

“On highest rocky fane
The mating eagles train
Their wings for power to attain
The zenith’s starry plain—
Shall we thus meet again?

“When thy white brow is cold,
And curtains softly fold
The flashing glance of old—
And Ion’s fate is told—
How can we meet again?”

“Clemanthe! I have sought
For answer to this thought
With such deep mystery fraught—
No sage to me hath taught
That we may meet again.

“ The wild winds ever free—
The restless, roaring sea—
The mountains, whereon we
Have talked in rhapsody—
Are dumb ! How meet again ?

“ For Death might strike his blow
In fiercest fray of foe,
If we could surely know
Beyond that hour of woe
That we might meet again.

“ Clementhe ! on thy cheek,
And through thine eyes doth speak,
A power that death were weak
To break, yet bids thee seek
To know what none explain.

“ Thy mind, demanding light,
And hope to reach the blight
Of mortal, and the night
That veils the spirit’s sight,
As deathless, must remain.

“ So by thy quenchless love
My parting soul doth prove
Its need, and might to move
Immortal life, above
A doubt. We’ll meet again ! ”

O, Greece ! and was this all
Philosophy could call
To aid the spirit's thrall ?
One spark divine, to fall
So dimly, sadly vain ?

Eternal God of heaven !
Before whom souls are shriven,
Thy word to man hath given,
Through Christ, this hope that even
Soul and flesh shall live again.

LISTENING.

O, MERRY child ! 'neath summer bowers,
Rapt listener to the wild bird's song—
The minstrelsy of happy hours
Will charm the heart when childhood's gone.

A viol string may bid "rejoice,"—
May chase the demon spirit strife,
And plaintive airs from mother's voice
Will vibrate o'er the din of life.

We've listened ere the cradle song
Had wasted all its melody—
Have wept the singer, silent long,
Who soothed our dreams so tenderly.

Love, sitting by the open door,
E'er lists the sound of coming feet—
Ah! Love's a listener evermore
For words which living tones make sweet.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

CRADLE-HONORED tears and kisses,
Many pains and many blisses ;
Nightly lisping ancient prayer,
Early goodness, mother's care ;
“ Half a score ” of summer seasons,
Stubborn will, and ample reasons ;
Copies fair with pages blotted,
Mem'ries tender, ne'er forgotten.

“ Half a score ” of weedy furrows,
Some for bread and some for sorrows ;
Hours to study, work, or idle,
'Zeppa races scorning bridle ;
Castles builded in a city
Famed for ruins without pity ;
Stream “ a score ” of milestones showing
Which has turned the channel's flowing.

Aims now marshal active forces,
Varied, deep, or broad their courses ;
Titles, fame, and golden fancies,
Lettered pride, or love's romances ;
Art, or ease, and robes of fashion,
Place, or power the regal passion ;
Each a patron host is pressing,
“ Twoscore ” busy years possessing.

Counsel, judgment, and reflection
Calmly resting—Hope's election,
Loss or gain is made or perished,
Life has joys and sorrows cherished ;
Sightless eyes, and hearts turned stony,
Wretchedness and patrimony ;
“ Threescore ” reads on marble well,
Passes out with chimes of bell.

Comes a grandchild asking “ stories,”
Climbing on the knee for “ stories ; ”
All the milestones back are counted,
Steed Mazeppa newly mounted ;
On the left a cradle sitting,
On the right a coffin waiting ;
Holds the armchair all of pleasure,
All “ threescore and ten ” can measure.

THE SECRET CEMETERY.

In the centuries of the world not a mortal has passed a score of years who has not cherished and seen perish some hope, which was mourned in secret and which gave hue to the future coloring of his life.

BROWN o'er graves the grass is lying,
Caverns which no spade of steel
Hollowed for the dead or dying—
Tombs no sexton may reveal.

Only one—an angel keeping
With a book the hopes inurned,
Knowing well the anguish creeping
In each breast that hither turned.

One dim record, traced in sorrow
For a bride who brought a corse
Of the faithless; life might borrow
Smiles to cheat—woe's last resource.

Kindly did the angel meet her,
Shrouded her dead hope alone;
Mem'ry knew no treasure sweeter,
Ling'ring in that darkened home.

One brought love by lip unspoken,
Golden dreams in ruins wrought;
Timid maiden, heart all broken,
Altar fires had burned for naught.

Silently this knowledge laying
Where the sacred trust would be
Guarded by the angel, straying
Through the shadows none might see.

Once a pall, with two blind bearers,
Bore a casket through the gate ;
Tearless, dumb, they had been sharers
Of the wine of love and hate.

Stealing through the twilight hazes,
Bearing broken idols on,
Came a poet, in sweet phrases
Craving flowers "his tomb" upon.

" Nay," the sexton angel's answer,
" Flowers deck not a tomb so drear ;
If thou mournest thy dead, romancer,
Leave them then in silence here."

Came there in a stormswept spirit,
With a harp of broken chords,
Dead to joy, or praise, or merit,
Tuneful rhythms in all his words.

He the unstrung lyre would bury,
Nevermore to wake a strain,
Glad to hide the woe, whose very
Echoes brought to him but pain.

Worshipers of ancient sages,
Strivers for immortal name,
Searchers through the lore of ages,
Minds ablaze with songlit flame.

All had shrines this turf hath hidden,
Failures mar each human plan ;
Grief e'er came a guest unbidden,
Hopes die—man ne'er breathed to man.

Records in the book have nearly
Covered to the final page,
Treasures guarded till the weary
Angel hath a look of age.

Hopes in Christ, sure and abiding,
Offer solace to the heart
Weeping by this gate, dividing
Unseen graves from earth apart.



ESTRANGED.

O, LOVE me still! My heart is yearning
, For tender tones and loving words,
Though life's taper is dimly burning,
'Twill brighten, if by kindness stirred.

Think of the frame by sickness wasting,
The spirit wearily depressed—
Earthly joys not worth the tasting,
So might I with thy love be blessed.

A dream of cheerful words and glad'ning,
Comes to my heart like fragrance sweet.
Alas! my very songs are saddening.
Like faded flowers, rude-crushed by feet.

Estranged! then nevermore my pleading—
Henceforth alone—my loveless road—
False human love, through mirage leading—
My broken heart finds rest in God.

“WHO WILL COMFORT ME?”

T. S. S.

*G*OD, my friend ! Who else can know
One page of spirit lore ?
Trials unmeasured lie below
The surface evermore.

Pitfalls are hidden, snares urseen,
Strange thrall of circumstance—
Broken plans—ah ! broken dream
Of human confidence.

Thoughts unbreathed are not less thought,
Nor hope less hope till wasted ;
Chalice in crystal beauty wrought
May hold life's wine untasted.

Human lips have comfort none,
Unknowing of thy sorrow.
God knows it all ; His love alone
Will cheer to-day and bless to-morrow.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"CALL the roll," the captain said;
 " The general wants to know
Who, of ours, are lying dead—
 How many of the foe?"

Then a private read the roll—
 Captain and lieutenant gone,
Trembling, as he held the scroll,
 Tears fell, blinding victories won.

There, a captain without men,
 Here, a colonel wounded sore—
Scattered ! who would come again,
 To beat of drum, or cannon's roar ?

There a squad of men detailed
 To bury all the dead—
Hearts of iron, even, quailed
 Where ghastly carnage spread.

Brave, limbless men, shell-torn in piece,
 Strewing the battle ground :
Or quivering in death-struggles fierce
 Their comrade-heroes found.

To one, wide open lay
 His Bible, as with faltering breath
Was trying there to pray.
 One held a picture, in grasp of death !

In a tent, where groans were loud,
A chaplain tried to write—
Telling mothers “to be proud,
Their soldier boys would fight !”

Wounded men were glad to send
Some word to kinsfolks dear.
Blushing maidens wept a friend
They named not in their fear.

Dumb lips answered not the rolls,
As read that fatal day.
God have mercy on the souls
That part in battle fray !



SHALL I FAIL?

SHALL I fail for a name with those written
above

In the Book of the Lord by the angel of love?
Shall I fail for a guide when I come to the stream,
Where the mortal is lost, the immortal unseen?

Shall I fail as a captive despairing release
From the fetters of strife to the freedom of peace?
When the spirit departs from the temple of clay
Will a mansion be mine in the kingdom of day?

Shall I fail at the gates of the city of light?
When the angels are hailing the ransomed in white?
Shall I fail to obtain fitting vesture to wear
At the great marriage supper the King will prepare?

Shall I greet the true-hearted and loving of time,
All my beautiful ones—in that beautiful clime?
Shall I fail to sit near the Redeemer's blest feet,
There to close my rough march in a resting so
sweet?

Shall I sing in His presence a ceaseless refrain,
That His mercy failed not my salvation to gain?
Shall I fail? O Comforter, Saviour divine!
With Thy strength for my weakness Thy victory is
mine!

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